# POEMS
ON
# VARIOUS SUBJECTS:
*VIZ.*

The Power of Love,
Shropſhire-Wedding,
Advice to a Friend,
The Virtuous Maid, *a Paſtoral.*
Two Elegies,
Combermere, *a Poem.*
Antiſthenes and Diogenes, *a Satyr.*
Bunch Heſperus, *a Poem.*
Old Simon, *a Tale:*
The Pedlar, *a Tale.*
The Beggar,
The Peaſant, *a Poem in two Books.*
Delights for the Ladies, *containing new Ænigmas and mathematical Queſtions, all in Verſe,* &c. &c.

To which is added,

## The MERRY MILLER:
OR,
## The COUNTRY-MAN'S RAMBLE to *LONDON.*
A FARCE of two ACTS.

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*By THOMAS SADLER,*
Author of ſeveral Pieces, which have occaſionally been inſerted in the MAGAZINES, DIARIES, PALLADIUM, &c.

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*Enrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works.*
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## ERRATA.

Page 24 line 12, for *Therſore* read *Therefore*. P. 40 l. 5, for *ſing'd* r. *ſign'd*. P. 76 l. 1, for *Antiſthens* r. *Antiſthenes*. P. 82 l. 13, for *becauſe* r. *be-ſure*. P. 87 l. 5, for *mimue* r. *minims*, for *Capuchines* r. *Capuchins*, l. 10 for *likes* r. *Lines*. P. 92 l. 10, for *cheelmaſter* r. *Schoolmaſter*. P. 128 l. 6, for *cuntroul* r. *control*. P. 129 l. 15, for *ſtrives* r. *ſtrive*. P. 134 l. 18, for *beman* r. *bemoan*. P. 144 l. 3, for *tread* r. *read*.

THE

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Mr. J. *Wilde of Ludlow*

Y.

Mr. T. Yoxall *of Nantwich*
Mr. D, Young of *ditto.*

THE

# POWER of LOVE.

## A POEM,

*Humbly addreſſed to my good Friend, Mr.* ED. HAMNETT, *of* Aſton, *near* Wrenbury, Cheſhire.

*****************************

OF all the Paſſions, LOVE muſt ſurely be,
The beſt, when guided by Simplicity;
And link'd to Reaſon, Friend to limpid Truth,
The beſt Attendant to our *Britiſh Youth.*

THAT Man moſt certain muſt be truly bleſt,
When LOVE and REASON doth adorn his Creſt.
Tranſparent Brightneſs over him doth reign:
Triumphant goes, like Conquerors o'er the Main.
When thus united, Joys they never ceaſe,
Emblems celeſtial,----ſureſt Badge of Peace;

Free from Diſſimulations, (hateful Sting)
Which doth ſuch Broils and dire Contention bring.
When LOVE and REASON, joins the happy Pair,
Tho' low in Station, true CONTENTMENT ſhare;
Domeſtic Wants, doth ne'er increaſe their Pain,
But all their Thoughts, more heavenly Bliſs to gain;
Are ever ready, 'gainſt the OMNICIENT's Call,
United firm, as *Silas* was to *Paul.*
True LOVE will like a Monument endure,
The Baſis firm, the Frame divinely pure:
Bleſt is the Manſion where true LOVE doth dwell,
Whether a Palace or a Hermit's Cell.
When mans true Guardian he'll much Pleaſure know,
Celeſtial JOY, and HAPPINESS below.

BUT LOVE is wont to many bad Extremes,
Progreſſional, runs by Extremes and Means;
Should REASON but deſert and bid adieu,
LOVE being blind, bewilder'd will purſue;
On in ſome Path,------a Wilderneſs of Fear,
Where *Ghaſtly Spirits,*----*Dæmons* do appear;
Plunge in ſome Lake, where that infernal Hoſt,
Of *Cæodæmons*, or ſome evil Ghoſt,
Ranſacks the Thoughts, and doth faint LOVE betray,
To black Diſpair, in ſome loſt dreary Way.
What diſmal Scenes, (could my weak Muſe expreſs)
Through ev'ry Age, produced more or leſs;

The

The trembling Horror ſome have undergone,
By boundleſs Love, might melt a Heart of Stone.
Love without Reason's too abruptly caught,
Hath *Romiſh* Senates to Confuſion brought;
Empires been ruin'd, Heroes have been Slain,
And made their Tomb, within the raging Main.
The Charmer blooming as the Roſe in *June*,
Tho' now quite free, may fall a Victim ſoon,
To *Cupid*'s Wiles, and baſely be betray'd,
By ſome inconſtant, perjur'd, puff'd up Blade;
Who take Delight, pure Innocence to bring,
To Spoil,----(perhaps on *Tyburn*'s Shaft to ſwing,)
And by ſuch Wiles, they riſque their Life, their All,
Witneſs a * *Blandy* and a † *Jeffreys* Fall.
And many more, when in their Youth and Prime,
Through guilty Love, (*a Gallows forc'd to climbe.*)
Falſe Love ſpreads forth ſtrange varigated Dyes,
Too oft excites pale Horror to ſurprize.
To animate a virtuous, godly Mind;
Happy's the Man that is not ſo inclin'd!
Falſe Love makes Thouſands die in Fear and Pain,
And makes the Prude turn Proſtitute for Gain.



* Miſs *Blandy* was Executed for poiſoning her Father, thro' the falſe Inſinuation of *Cranſton*, a Recruiting Captain.

† Miſs *Jeffreys* was Executed with one *Swan*, a Gardener, for maliciouſly murdering her Uncle,

The Miſer, who his ill-got Pelf doth prize,
His Cheſt's his God, wherein his Money lies;
Rul'd by falſe Love, can ne'er contented be,
But TRUE LOVE gives the greateſt Symetry.

THE UNFORTUNATE

# BATCHELOR:

OR,

# Wife's Reſentment.

## A POEM founded on real Incidents.

HAIL *Clio*, *Thalia*, *Melpomene*,
And all ye Nine, aſſiſt my Theme;
Whilſt I exhibit to your View,
A STORY, which is ſtrange and true.
To caution Youth, and all young Folk,
E'er they engage in *Hymen*'s Yoke.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, I'd have take Care,
How they are caught in *Cupid*'s Snare.
Their Thoughts examine well and ſee,
If Free from Care and Jealouſy;
For Jealouſy, that curſed Fiend,
Doth oft prove fatal to Mankind.

Sometimes hid under *Cupid*'s Wing,
Ambition, Hatred hath a Sting,
Which wounds the Lover (when too late:)
Such is the Pow'r and Rule of Fate.
Read antient Records, and you'll find,
Strange Prodigies of ev'ry Kind;
That follow an unhappy Marriage,
Which meets with nothing but Miſcarriage.
Tragical Scenes I might expreſs,
Each Age produces more or leſs.
When BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM can't unite,
And with each other take Delight;
Continual Jarrings there will be,
Tempeſtuous like this Simile.
At Sea the Sailor in a Calm,
Can ſteer his Ship ſecure from Harm:
From Dangers then, his Thoughts are Clear,
Nor is his SOUL oppreſs'd with Fear:
But ſhould bleak *Boreas*, rend the Skies,
Then to his Helm, he nimbly flies;
*All Hands at Work*, [their Lives to ſave,]
None can withſtand th' tempeſtuous Wave.
Againſt ſome dangerous Cliff are toſt,
On Rocks and Mountains ſometimes loſt;
In deep Diſpair, no Comfort find,
'Till PROVIDENCE doth prove more kind,

Abates

Abates the Storm, and ſets them free,
From all their Grief and Anxity.

JUST ſo it proves with Man and Wife,
A HAPPY or a WRETCHED LIFE.
If LOVE unites the married Pair,
Sure none on Earth more happy are;
But if no LOVE with them abound,
No Joy nor Pleaſure can be found;
Each Day produces Rage and Strife,
And makes them weary of their Life.

BUT hold,----perhaps you'll think I rail,
'Tis Time I ſhould begin my Tale.
Near *Severn* Banks and Silver Tide,
In *Shropſhire*, lately did reſide;
A grave, ſedate, old Batchelor,
By ſome deem'd a Philoſopher.
His Family, each Perſon's Name,
In fictious Terms, I ſhall explain;
That no one may offended be,
At Truth hid in obſcurity.
A proper Name is hard to gueſs,
To give the Hero of my Verſe,;
But that perhaps you'll like to ſee,
And *Zeno Hadland* it ſhall be.

OF good Repute his Parents were,
Who brought him up with tender Care;

His Father happened to die,
E'er he came to Maturity.
And by his WILL, it did preſage,
That he muſt have when come to Age,
His whole Eſtate, from Debts ſet clear;
Which was near Forty Pounds a Year.
His Mother long did not remain,
Before ſhe married again,
Old *Simon Crab*, moroſe and ſtern,
A ſelfiſh, proud, ill-natur'd Man.
Old *Crab* and *Zeno* as we find,
Schiſmatically were inclin'd;
And in Deriſion held each other;
Which was not pleaſing to the Mother.
Between them both, Contempt took Place
Which oft and generally's the Caſe:
Schiſm doth oft produce a Flaw,
'Twixt Father and a Son by Law.

THIS was the Caſe with them we hear,
As by the STORY will appear;
Confin'd with *Crab*, (like Bird in Cage,)
*Zeno* liv'd 'till he came to Age.
Then at the Age of Twenty one,
Another Scene was then begun;
To have his Farm was then the Queſtion,
And to old *Crab* made this Suggeſtion.

" It was my Father's whole Intent,
" To have his Land and tenement,
" Deliver'd me——when come to Age."
Which made *Old Crab* to ſtorm and rage,
Crying, " Raſcal, Scoundrel, how dare you,
" Your Mother's Properties purſue?"
Theſe Words made *Zeno* pauſe a while,
Then utter'd with a frowning Smile,
And ſaid; " I'd have you underſtand,
" It's proper I ſhould have my Land;
" My Father's Will,——His laſt Direction,
" I ought to weigh with Circumſpection."
The old Man ſtarted, then he cry'd,
" How dare you thus Old Age deride?"
*Zeno* with Words judicious wiſe,
Reply'd; " I don't Old Age deſpiſe:
" My Right is all that I do crave,
" And that I do inſiſt to have."

These Words *Old Simon* could not bear,
But to his Chamber did repair;
His ruſty Rapier, then he drew,
And puſh'd and ſwore he'd run him through.
At Mouth he foam'd with Wrath and Ire;
Gave Threats and Execrations dire,
Saying; " No Rights to you I'll give,
" As long as e'er your Mother live."

*Zeno* at this was at a ſtand,
He thought it was beſt to abſcond,
From *Simon*'s Preſence, for a While,
Thinking his Anger might recoil.

CONJECTURES ſtrange came in his Mind,
His Thoughts were wav'ring as the Wind;
Thus in Exagitation, He
Spent ſome Time in Soliloquy.
However he retir'd at laſt,
To tell a Neighbour what had paſt.
Old *Reuben Wiſeman* in a Trice,
Said; "*Zeno*, follow my Advice.
"Perhaps this Leſſon which I give,
"In Time, may teach you how to live.
"Obſerve each Day, and you may ſee,
"Both Pride, Ambition, Levity;
"Nurs'd up in Man, ſelf Intereſt too,
"Appears conſpicious to your View.
"When heaping Wealth, each Moment's precious,
"Old *Simon*'s likewiſe averitious:
"On Riches lays the greateſt Streſs,
"Nothing *ſuffices* Covetiouſneſs.
"Whoe'er their Thoughts thus ſtimulate,
"Can ne'er be GOOD, nor TRULY GREAT;
"Age creeping on, he ne'er perceives,
"Tho' ſhrivell'd like *Autumnal Leaves*:

" Or yield to Death's reſiſtleſs Power,
" Or fall like Graſs before the Mower.
" That Man muſt ſure, more happy be,
" That's guided by Simplicity;
" When Virtue, Honeſty takes Place,
" And him adorn with every Grace.
" Conſider well, and bear in Mind,
" How weak and frail is Human Kind:
" Watch with the ſtricteſt Vigilance.
" Truth, Virtue, needs no Demonſtrance.
" But what is juſtly, good and pure,
" Your Sentiments ſtill to allure."

*ZENO* with great Attention waited,
To hear theſe Sentences repeated;
Reflection now her Rays had caſt,
And ſeis'd his Thoughts at what had paſt;
With Mouth half cock'd, and Arms ſet wide,
Extended out from either Side,
Advanced towards old *Reuben*'s Face,
And eagerly did him embrace,
Said, " One Thing more of you I'd learn,
" Which doth my Thoughts the moſt concern;
" How ſhall I gain my Farm?----Or rather,
" How ſhall I deal with my Step-Father?"
The Sage reply'd, " I'd have you try,
" To compaſs it by Courteſy;

" And

" And if you find that will not do,
" To *Snap-Caſh* the Attorney go,
" And let him manage the Affair,
" The Law will ſoon ſet all things clear."

(By Law Man Liberty doth gain,
Old Magna-Charta to maintain,
From Theft and Murder ſets us free,
And all fraudulent Villany.
By Law the Client's forc'd to pay,
On which the Lawyer makes his Prey:
For Gold arguments deep and long,
He'll hold, let Caſe be right or wrong.
Will plead, his Cauſe, till empty Bags,
And Client doth appear in Rags.
For Gold, that curſed Enemy,
Robs Man of Rights and Property.)

Then *Zeno* thank'd the Sage and ſaid;
" Your Counſel's good, but I'm afraid,
" Old *Simon* never will comply,
" He's ſo reverſe to Honeſty.
" Let Fate decree't, I'll leave you now."
And ſo retir'd with humble Bow.
Back to his Mother ſtraightway went,
Rehears'd to her his whole Intent,
Who with a Smile facetiouſly,
Unto her Son made this Reply:

" At

" At Home I'd have you to abide,
" You know my Husband's prone to chide,
" His Humour it is stern and grosſ,
" Ill-natur'd, surly and morose:
" Wink at his Faults, and strive to pleaſe,
" And then perhaps you'll live at Eaſe."
Theſe Sayings did chagrin him more,
Than ever he had been before;
Who ſaid, " How can you thus intrude,
" For me to live in ſervitude,
" With him that is my greateſt Foe,
" And keeps me from my Rights you know? ".
However, for near half a Year,
He ſtay'd, 'till *Crab* grew more ſevere;
Would glout and groul whene'er he came,
Into his Sight or heard his Name.
This Uſage *Zeno* could not bear;
But ſoon reſolved to repair,
To Lawyer *Snapcaſh*, and make known,
The Uſage which old *Crab* had ſhewn,

EARLY one Morn,——by break of Day,
E'er SOL had caſt one radient Ray:
With Thoughts elate, he did retire,
And for the Lawyer did enquire.
The Lawyer came with Wig awry,
And ſaid, " I'll hear you by-and-by. ".

It

It was was not long before he ſeated,
By him, while he his Caſe repeted:
*Snapcaſh* ſhew'd various Form of Face,
Was a great Maſter of Grimace;
Nay *Woodward* in his Pantomine,
His Head could not more twiſt and twine:
With *hum*'s and *ha*'s, he liſten'd well,
To what the young Man pleas'd to tell,
And when he came to underſtand,
The Caſe which *Zeno* had in Hand,
He ſaid, "Your Land now to make ſure,
"With Writs and Capus I'll procure."

THEN ſtraight to work the Lawyer went,
And for Old *Grab* a Bailiff ſent:
The Bailiff went, like Agitator,
A choſen Vaſſal, publik Waitor;
To ſummon *Simon*, as directed,
By Courſe of Law to be inſpected.
But when the Bailiff he came there,
Old Man, old Woman as we hear;
With Flail and Prong, enrag'd they ran,
*Kill or be kill'd*, the Cry was then.
The Bailiff ſcar'd,——to ſpeak in brief,
He trembl'd like an Aſpen Leaf;
In frightful Form, with Fear and Dread,
His Hair ſtood upright on his Head.

Back he return'd unto his Maſter,
There to relate his bad Diſaſter.
His Maſter ſtar'd, with jeering Smile,
And frump'd and flouted all the While.
With aſpect ſour,——he then atteſted,
" I muſt, and will have him arreſted:
" *Dick Wildblood* I will ſend with you,
" By Craft ſee what you both can do;
" Be watchful, and uſe Subtilty,
" Until you bring him here to me."

THE Bailiffs both ſet out ſtraightway,
And near his Houſe in Ambuſh lay;
At laſt old *Crab* they did eſpy,
Then *Wildblood* ſtep'd immediately;
He being alone at a Hay Stack,
Straight clap'd a Writ upon his Back:
And leſt he ſhould have made reſiſtance,
The Other came to his Aſſiſtance.
The old Man ſtruggled, curſt and ſwore,
Calling them Rogues,——Son of a Whore,
Thieves, Murder, and ſuch like Expreſſion.
He uttered in wild Digreſſion,
Revenge did in his Boſom glow,
For he wou'd neither ſtand nor go;
But *Wildblood* being a ſturdy Blade,
To haul him on, was not afraid.

Unto

Unto the Lawyer him did bring,
While *Simon* by their Arms did ſling.
The Lawyer then with angry Frown,
His Countenance, ſevere and ſtern;
Aſk'd *Simon* what he did intend?
And how he came to wrong his Friend?
His Stepſon from his Tenement,
And all his Land, and pay no Rent?
Or whether now he thought it fit,
By Fine, now to deliver it?
If that he did refuſe to do,
To Goal he inſtantly muſt go.
Says *Crab*, "Your Fine I value not,
"I'll go to Goal, and there will rot;
"Before I'll give to him or thee,
"A Quota, or illegal Fee."

SNAPCASH found he could not prevail,
But hurried him ſtraightway to Goal;
There when he hear'd the Priſ'ners din,
Reflection ſoon grew warm within;
For *Zeno* ſent and would fulfil,
The Tenor of his Father's Will.
In this Interval *Zeno* had,
Dwelt with a Neighbour *Joſeph Bdd.*
He now poſſeſſ'd his Tenement,
A Tenant had to pay him Rent.

[Here

(Here various Characters behold,
Men to ſecure accurſed Gold,
Will uſe all Means, unjuſt, uncivil,
Or any Action that is evil;
Hatched with Art and Policy,
Regardleſs of a Deity:
As ſays a learned, reverend Sage,
"Conſcience is quite kick'd off the ſtage."
Men daily uſe Fraud and Deceit,
And Trick for Trick, each other cheat;
Will ne'er repent, 'till Glaſs is run,
Tho' conſcious of the Guilt they've done.)

To *Zeno* now my Muſe takes Place,
Who doth his Liberty embrace,
Eaſe and Retirement doth enjoy,
And Study all his Thoughts employ.
His Perſon ſome perhaps will ſay,
It's proper I ſhould now diſplay;
So to oblige, not one, but all,
His Shape was round, robuſt, and tall;
His Face was of a Sanguine Dye,
Countenace dull, a heavy Eye,
Not handſome, nor very ugly:
His Temper, Nature, Diſpoſition,
Was of a timid Conſtitution.
Of Diffidence, he had great Share,
Which did oppreſs his Thoughts with Care.

That Foible, which oft Times doth raiſe,
Diſturbances a thouſand Ways.
It happen'd *Zeno* for ſome Years,
Was quite reverſe to LOVE Affairs;
And had he always thus remain'd,
More Eaſe and Pleaſure had retain'd.
(How great a Force, Imagination,
Excites in Man, brings on Vexation;
For Turn of Thoughts, reſiſtleſs Power,
His ſecret Principles devour.)
On Women *Zeno* ſcarce beſtow'd,
One ſingle Thought in Deed or Word;
A Bride imagin'd, more or leſs,
Reciprocal to Happineſs.
Their Characters, he did enhance,
With abſolute Indifference:
With Diffidence, held Womenkind,
Such Thoughts occurred in his Mind,
As by the Sequel you will find.
(If one *libidinous* ſhall fall,
For her why ſhould he accuſe all?
Was fearful of *Socrates* Life,
To meet with a tempeſtuous Wife.)
Poſſeſs'd ſtrange turn of Sentiment,
On Contemplation wholly bent:
His Books, are all his ſole Delight,
Which ſeldom were out of his Sight.

A choice

A choice Collection ſtraightway buys,
Which were of various Form and Size;
The beſt of Authors us'd to ſee,
And plac'd them in his Library.
The beſt Hiſtorians, and to read,
Had *Rapin*, *Salmon*, in his need;
Perus'd the POETS now and then,
Old *Shakeſpear*, and his Fav'rite * *Ben*.
When Thoughts turn'd to *Philoſophy*,
Had *Newton*, *Flamſtead*, and *Hally*;
With *Emerſon*, that great perceiver,
*Simpſon*, the celebrated Weaver.
With many more, as did require,
He had complete to his Deſire.
With them he kept ſuch cloſe Alliance,
As made him ſkill'd in Arts and Science.
In Numbers he full well could ſcan,
And form the *Geometer*'s Plan:
Was well ſkill'd in *Geography*,
*Metaphiſicks*, *Aſtronomy*.
Thoſe Speculations ſtudied well,
'Till a bad Accident befel;
Which fatal to his Wiſh did prove,
Altho' a nice Affair of LOVE.
(LIKE him ſome Men by Elevation,
Are mounted to a higher Station;



* *Ben Johnſon.*

Have all the Pleaſure they deviſe,
'Till Fate decrees it otherwiſe;
When at the greateſt height of all,
By Accident receive a Fall.)

*ZENO*, he had a near Relation,
Who gave him oft great Invitation;
At ſome Miles Diſtant he did dwell,
And *Zeno* did eſteem him well:
To ſee this Friend at Counry-Wakes,
On mettled Nag, a Journey takes,
A kindly Welcome he did find,
With Merriment of various Kinds;
Some good Companions to regale,
Themſelves over a Jug of Ale.
With them the Evening *Zeno* ſpent,
Their Thoughts turn'd all on Merriment;
Then ſome a Wife would recommend,
To *Zeno*, and on him attend;
And introduce him preſently,
Into a fair Maid's Company.
With flowing Bumpers, ſparkling Glaſs,
They drank a Health to each gay Laſs,
Who was diſcreet, virtuous, and wiſe,
And could thoſe Talents counterpoiſe.
Many good Offers then were made,
To *Zeno*, who was much afraid;

Declin'd

Declin'd them all, with tim'rous Smile,
Drank, and ſat penſive for a While;
'Till *Bacchus*'s clear, enliv'ning Juice,
Did make him ſomething more profuſe;
In his Diſcourſe,——at laſt gave Way,
To almoſt every thing they ſay.
One Mr. *Knap*, then bekoned,
*Zeno* aſide, who followed;
In Private thus to him did ſay,
" Sir, if you pleaſe to ride this way,
" I'll take you where a Maid doth dwell,
" Whoſe Wit and Beauty moſt excel;
" Her Charms they rival ev'ry Fair,
" Few Laſſes can with her compare:
" If you can gain her for your Wife,
" She'll make you happy all your Life."
Theſe Words enamour'd him with Joy,
Good Luck, or bad, reſolv'd to try.
With *Knap* conſented ſoon to go,
And went a *Pot valiant Hero*.
It was not long before they ride,
To where fair *Sylvia* did reſide,
Then *Knap* ſhew'd *Zeno*, *Sylvia*'s Door,
Soon left him, and was ſeen no more.
He knock'd, a Servant did appear,
Who aſk'd what Buſineſs he had there;

With Bows and Scrapes, he ſays, *I'm come,*
*To ſee if Miſs be now at Home.*
The Servant went, and told the Maid,
Who with a ſmile unto her ſaid,
*You may the* Fuddle-Cap *admit,*
*Into the Dining-Room to ſit;*
*A Make-ſport he may ſerve to be,*
*When I come in his Company.*
*Zeno* was placed in a Chair,
Optative to behold the Fair.
*Sylvia* with her Attendant came,
Into the Room to ſee the Swain.
As ſoon as ever they appear,
*Zeno* in Haſte gets off his Chair,
Obeiſance makes, in torpid ſhew,
Like one benumb'd ſo very ſlow.
Each Fair could ſcarce refrain from Laughter,
But thought more Fun might follow after;
Sat down to hear what he would ſay,
How he his Talents would diſplay.
Acroſs the Room with Commigration,
*Zeno* retir'd in Conſternation,
His Thoughts bewilder'd for ſome Time,
Which Way to ſpeak, in Proſe or Rhime;
At laſt a Queſtion uttered,
Saying, " Ladies, have you ever read,
The Heathen Deities of old,
*Jupiter*,——*Hercules*, ſo bold,

As

As *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid* write,
To ſooth the Mind to wild Delight.
Strange fab'lous Tales they did deviſe,
Nurs'd up in Obloquy, and Lies;
What turn of Thoughts they had to prove,
The Conſequence of fatal Love.
*Thebes* King, by *Nephele* they ſay,
Had *Phrixus*, and the fair *Helle*.
Thro' *Ino*'s Love,——their Father's Wife,
Would fain deprive them both of Life.
But *Nephele* did a Ram prepare,
And to convey them through the Air;
On Golden Ram, to ride were wont,
'Till *Helle* became the *Helleſpont*.
When of his Back, the Youth alighted,
To reſt,——Barbarians him affrighted;
If Ram had not given timely Notice,
And carried them from thence to *Colchis*,
By thoſe Barbarians had been ſlain,
Who ſeek for Slaughter and Rapine."

WITH ſimpering Smiles, the fair Ones waited,
To hear theſe Stories thus repeated.
*Zeno* adds further, "You may ſee,
How LOVE is prone to Deſtiny.——
Old *Homer* ſings on *Ilium*'s Shore,
Of *Græcians* fighting for a *Whore*.

The Shepherd on fair *Idda's* Grove,
His Kingdom loſt, by impious Love,
No Tears could his ſure Fate annoy,
Caſſandras through the Streets of *Troy*.
The Power of Love, will not give way,
'Till quench'd in the tempeſtuous Sea,
*Leander* in the Briny Deep,
And thouſands more had Cauſe to weep;
And *Dido's* mournful Fall to tell,
(Such Stories doth their Pages ſwell,)
Tragical Scenes I might run o'er,
Tranſacted in the Days of *Yore*,
From Age to Age, how Love doth cauſe,
Contumacy deficient Flaws.
*Blandy* and *Jeffreys* fell thro' Love!
How fatal, Ladies, it doth prove!
Therfore I'd have you to take Care,
How you fall Captive to that Snare."
The Ladies then with Looks ſedate,
Could not no longer counterfeit;
Such Courtſhip mov'd each lovely Maid,
And ſmiling, thus fair *Sylvia* ſaid
To *Flora*, whiſpering in her Ear,
" This Man doth (really) not appear,
A Lover, No!——A better Liver,
A Story-Teller,——Counſel-Giver."
*Sylvia* was a Girl of Spirit,
And had great livelineſs of Wit,

Of ſolid Judgment, and poliſht,
Of Charms, which moſt her Sex ſurpaſs.
Says *Zeno* yet, I've more to add,
Pray Ladies have you ever read,
Or has your Mind been ever bent,
On various Turn of ſentiment,
In Hiſtory, that precious ſtore,
What can excite our Paſſions more?
A Field you've open to your ſight,
In which you may find great Delight;
There you may view a thouſand ways,
How Heros do contend for Bays.
All o'er this Globe, there you may find,
What Miſchief doth infeſt Mankind;
How Monarchs do contend and jarr,
Juſt, or unjuſt, Revenge will war.
See dire Ambition daily bring,
Victims to Death's untimely ſting?

Or, Ladies, did you ever pry,
Into ſound Truth, *Philoſophy*;
That limpid Guide to Truth and Art,
Nature's great Store-Houſe to impart.
Your Time with Pleaſure may abſorb,
Beholding each celeſtial Orb,
When Planets in due Courſe are hurl'd,
To amaze the tereſtial World.

From

From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *Pole* to *Pole*;
In circ'lar Orbits, each doth roll.
With Contemplation, you may ſoar,
To diſtant Worlds, by *Palla*'s Power.
Ladies, no luxuriant Fields,
Shew half what *Philoſophy* yields:
What mental Joy, to Man is given,
To view thoſe Ornaments of Heaven.
Behold *Aurora* in the Night,
Thoſe Coruſcations, of pale Light;
Now here, now there, Form undulate,
A *Phænomæn*, truly great!
Our Thoughts with Wonder to excite,
Amazement ſtrange, mix'd with Delight,
To ſound our great CREATOR's Praiſe,
Man Reaſon hath, ten thouſand Ways.
See but thoſe lucid ſhowers flow,
The rattling Hail, with ſheets of ſnow;
How they deſcend, Flake after Flake,
While we hous'd up, can ſhelter take.
*Jove*'s Light'nings, momentary Blaze,
Thoſe *Meteors*, muſt ſure amaze,
While Claps of Thunder rend the ſkies,
And Bolts of Fire, fall and deſtroys
Man, or whatever they come near,
Which may ſurprize with Dread and Fear,
*Vulcano*'s burning Mountain too,
*Veſuvius*, *Ætna*, plainly ſhew,

How

How the great AUTHOR hath ordain'd,
Caverns, ſubterraneouſly fram'd.
The Cauſe of Earthquakes, witneſs be,
*Liſbon*'s late dire Cataſtrophe,
*Jamaica*, likewiſe *Sicily*.
*Lima* in *Peru*,——as it's ſaid,
Five thouſand People periſhed.
Nay our own Nation, not long ſince,
Hath felt ſome ſhocks, and to convince,
That we from Danger can't be free,
Effects of War,——Calamity,
Should we diſpleaſe our Deity."
Of Comets,——*Zeno* had gone on,
But Maids you know are apt to Fun,
A Tittering heav'd in *Flora*'s Breaſt,
Long kept in Pain, forc'd way at laſt,
While *Sylvia*, modeſtly did hear,
Each Word which *Zeno* did declare;
But now ſaid "Sir, you may leave by,
Your Lecture of *Philoſophy*;
I know your Lybrinth may invite,
I muſt retire,——ſo Sir, *good Night*."
Now *Zeno*, he was left alone,
No ſign of Courtſhip had he ſhewn,
Mounted his Steed, away he went,
Back to his Friends with Diſcontent;
Reflection now like a Diſeaſe,
Had ſeiz'd his Thoughts, in different ways.
At what had paſt the Night before,
Reſolving not to go no more.

But back unto his Mansion go,
Like one that is perplex'd with Woe,
From *Zeno* you with Pleasure see,
Weak Dread, hid under Canopy.
A Wife believ'd was made to teaze,
Would rob him of his Peace and Ease,
But had he kept free from a Bride,
And like a * *Newton* liv'd and and dy'd,
Much Pleasure he had surely known,
As by the Sequel will be shewn.
Companions oft you see entice.——
And give Men good or bad Advice,
*Zeno* to Love was so reverse,
That he the Ladies did address,
With what was genuine and sublime,
To urge them Mount Science to climb,
And plainly tells in his Oration,
The Consequence of Lover's Passion.
No amourous Courtship, could devise,
Or vent his spleen in Tales and Lies;
No secret Love had to reveal,
No real Affection he did feel;
No Right to Love he could transfer,
A reciprocal Character.
To some this may a Lesson be,
Who are subject to Inconstancy;

And

* Sir *Isaac Newton* died a Batchelor. *March*, 20th, 1726-7, Aged 85.

And uſe Inſinuation, vile!
Creep into Favour for a While.
With Art a trap, they do prepare,
To hurry into *Cupid*'s Snare;
Such baſe Deceivers, when too late,
Their Folly may at laſt regret.
The Life they've paſs'd inſidiouſly,
Their Conſcience will condemn and try:
Therefore vain Man, don't prompt thyſelf,
With Guile, Hypocroſy, and Wealth;
All worldly Pleaſures will decay,
And in a Moment paſs away;
As *Solomon* the Wiſe doth ſay.)

Upon the Road it happened,
That *Zeno* for Refreſhment ſtaid,
To Dine with *Maſhtub* at the Swan,
Strange turn of Fortune now began.
At *Maſhtub*'s Houſe,——who ſhould be there,
But *Myra Hebe*, a beauteous Fair.
Who on ſome Buſineſs, there had come,
A Neighbour was not far from Home.
*Myra* look'd charming to the Eye,
Her Perſon deck'd with Symetry.
Like tow'ring Palm, was tall and ſtrait.
Her Geſture with each Grace complete,
*Jupiter*'s Daughters ſhe might joyn,
*Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphroſyne*:

So

So beautiful ſhe did appear,
Had Charms that were exquiſite rare.
*Zeno* beheld this blooming Maid,
Could ſcarce look off, while there he ſtaid;
Her Charms, they rob'd him of his Reſt,
An innate Paſſion fir'd his Breaſt.
Like Fowl who enter a Decoy,
When once enſnar'd, away can't fly.
Juſt ſo with him, for *Cupid*'s Dart,
Shot through the Center of his Heart.
Altho' he was ſo much before,
Reverſe to Love, and *Cupid*'s Power.

(*ZENO* a Lover's Pain did feel,
Tho' ſeemingly againſt his Will,
What Force, What Power hath the fair Sex,
O'er Man? Their Charms pleaſe and perplex.
Love will break Bolts, when once combin'd,
And alienate a virtuous Mind.
So penetrating it doth prove,
Who can withſtand the Power of Love?
Nay *Quixotes*, in Romantic Tale,
To Conquer Love, could not prevail.)

Now *Zeno* haſted Home ſtraightway,
But was not eaſy Night or Day;
For *Myra*'s Charms enflam'd his Mind,
His thoughts fermented as the Wind.

All

All Day can neither eat or drink;
So much on *Myra* he does think.
The Reaſon why, he ſcarce doth know,
How Love ſhould o'er his Boſom glow.
At Night when e'er he goes to ſleep,
His thoughts off *Myra*, cannot keep.
When ſlumb'ring, he was heard to cry,
"For *Myra*, *Myra!* I ſhall die."
Sometimes he dreams he ſees her there,
In coſtly Splendour to appear;
Stalking along by his Bed Side,
With open Arms extended wide.
In *Cupid*'s Chain, thus fetter'd he,
Was diſpoſſeſs'd of Liberty.
In ſaunt'ring Manner, ſtalks around,
Each Lawn, with Eyes fix'd on the Ground,
Sometimes he ſtands to pauſe a while,
Like Monſter on the Banks of *Nile*.
Drawn up in various ſhapes is he,
(A very HARLEQUIN to ſee.
Nay *Foreſight* in *Will Congreve*'s Play,
More Oddities doth not diſplay.
Thus he ſtrides o'er the whole Domain,
At ev'ry ſtep, ſeems to complain,
(No one to mitigate his Pain.)
But Nature's Scenery cannot move,
From him the Object of his Love.
His thoughts bewilder'd can't project,
A Scheme to take, or how to act.

At last to *Maſhtub's* doth repair,
Reſolv'd his Caſe there to declare;
He told the Landlord then in Part,
How Love had center'd in his Heart.
The Landlord with a pleaſing ſmile,
Said, " *Sir*, be eaſy for a While;
Perhaps, I may conducive be,
For your Admittance pave the Way.
Tho' *Myra Hebe*, as I am told,
Hath many Courtiers, young and old,
But what of that, you can but try,
" Faint Heart ne'er wins a fair Lady, "
So ſays the Proverb, to excite,
The thoughts of Man with ſome Delight,
While Hope doth animate his Mind,
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs of various Kind;
Thro' Life's vaſt Abyſs, Man doth wander,
Vict'ry to gain, like *Alexander*.
Pluck up your Spirits and ſet clear,
Your Thoughts from Anxiety and Fear.
And Champion like, who boldly riſe,
To Elevation,——win the Prize;
If I can inſtrumental be
As you've ſuch great Propenſity;
For *Myra*, I will go and try,
To bring you in her Company.
Unto her Mother I'll make known,
The Hints of Love which you have ſhewn.

Your

Your real worth I will declare,
The great Reſpect you've for the Fair;
As you have Gold, no Doubt ſhe'll try,
To bring her Daughter to comply:
There is a fond uxorious Blade,
Hath ſome Time paſt, as I have heard,
Uſed all Means, the Maid to gain,
He's fetter'd too in *Cupid*'s Chain.
But as he's poor, old *Hebe* we hear,
Will not permit him to come there;
The Maiden ſhe doth like him well,
As oft Ive heard the Neighbours tell.
You may behold the Miſers Care,
When hoarding Wealth, ſtrange Schemes prepare,
Another Proverb plain doth ſhew,
"'Tis Money makes the Mare to go."
A fribbling Fop did court the Maid,
But they have quarell'd as I've heard,
Each other's Faults they ſtrive to ſhew,
Like *Ben* the Sailor and Miſs *Prue*.
In *Congreve*'s Play of Love for Love,
How Reaſon doth the Paſſions move."

Now *Maſhtub* did ſet out ſtraightway,
While *Zeno* at the Inn did ſtay,
His Thoughts on ſtrange Conjectures bent,
Mixed with Joy and Diſcontent:
Of Pain or Pleaſure to diſcloſe,
The greateſt Wit, I think might poſe,

To know which bore the greateſt Weight,
Or did the Mind the moſt excite;
Fearful he was to ſee the Maid,
To ſpeak to her was ſore afraid,
But Love had quite a Conqueſt made.

(How various are the Minds of Men?
To tell muſt claim an abler Pen,
Then what the Muſe can give or ſhew,
*Man's Sentiments are hard to know.*)

To *Maſhtub* now my Muſe takes place,
Who had declar'd the young Man's Caſe,
Unto his Neighbour *Hebe* in Form,
But *Myra* was not then at Home.
However both of them agree,
That *Zeno* muſt conducted be,
Unto old *Hebe*'s without Delay,
To hear what he is pleas'd to ſay.
Old *Maſhtub* now return'd again,
Unto the reſtleſs, thinking Swain;
Who almoſt out of Patience was,
To hear what would between them paſs.
*Maſhtub* unravell'd the Affair,
And ſaid to go he muſt prepare,
Unto her Mother now alone,
Her Daughter was a Journey gone.
*Zeno*, he thank'd him for his Trouble,
Saying, "I will requite you double,

" If I ſhould but the fair Maid win,
" To me the faireſt of Women.
" 'Tis ſhe that can a Balm beſtow,
" And heal a wounded Heart you know."
Then ſays the Landlord, " Sir, ne'er fear,
" No doubt but you may win the Fair:
" Her Mother ſeem'd to like on't well,
" When that I did your Story tell,
" Therefore advance; I think that ſhe,
" (If you ſhe likes) will previous be,
" The Maid perſwade to accept of you:
" Succeſs attend,——Dear Sir, adieu."

THE wounded Lover ſtraight doth go,
Reſolv'd his Courage now to ſhew.
When he came there, old Mrs. *Hebe*,
Did with much Kindneſs him receive,
But *Zeno* look'd both pale and wan,
A pannick Fear then ſeiz'd the Man;
She took him in a private Room,
Her Daughter juſt before was come,
Back off the Journey ſhe had made,
Her Mother to her had declar'd,
All *Maſhtub* told, and how the Swain,
Deſir'd her Love he might obtain.
Old *Hebe* then *Zeno* queſtioned,
How his Affairs were ſettled,
And what he had in Lands and Store,
Made bold to aſk him o'er and o'er:

He told her all, from firſt to laſt,
Of each Tranſaction that had paſt,
The Value of his whole Eſtate,
To make the Marriage Joys complete.
The old Woman ſhe likes him well,
And calls unto her Servant *Nell*,
To fetch a Can of old *March* Beer,
While ſhe to *Myra* does repair,
Then *Zeno* drank, and did infuſe,
Into his Head th'enliv'ning Juice,
Of *Bacchus*, who a Friend was found,
Made him with Courage to abound.
Soon after *Myra* did appear,
Her *M*other did conduct her there;
Deck'd like ſome Goddeſs or a Queen,
The Maid was charming to be ſeen.
Her winning Air, her peircing Eye,
Struck *Zeno* with Amenity.
*Myra* was pleas'd to ſtay a while,
Would ſometimes frown, and ſometimes ſmile,
While *Zeno* with a tender Sigh,
Unfolded all the Myſtery,
The Love which for her he did feel.
Which none but ſhe could cure or heal.
In Words like theſe, he tells his Tale,
As wounded Lovers do prevail,
To gain the Object of their Love,
Which doth to them ſo powerful prove.

He ſtrives to bring her to comply,
But ſtill the Maid ſeems wond'rous coy;
Tho' at the laſt before he went,
Silence was pleas'd to give conſent,
That he his Viſits might renew,
Who then retires, bids all adieu.

Now Contemplation's on the Wing,
He crys, "Oh Love! how ſharp's thy Sting?
The Sting of Death can't give more Pain,
Or make a Mortal more complain;
The ſtubborn'ſt Heart, 'twill make comply,
Thoſe killing Glances of the Eye:
'Tis *Myra*, now hath fairly ſtole,
My Heart! Nay ſhe hath gain'd my Soul.
Pris'ner I am to Beauty's Queen,
No Charmer like her e'er was ſeen."
Thus he contemplates in his Thought,
A Slave to Love's Embraces brought;
We leave him in this amourous State,
Something of *Myra* to relate;
Whe had a Confident whom ſhe,
Truſted to keep all Secrecy:
A Boſom Friend,——Companion,
When Need requir'd, a Hanger on.
This *Tattler*, *Myra* Favour ſhews,
Becauſe that ſhe was garrulous.
This Mrs. *Tattler*, as we find,
For Gain would turn with every Wind,

As Turncoats vary with the Times,
Or Poets in their Choice of Rhimes;
With canting Lies, or ſoothing Tales,
Which o'er the Thoughts of Man prevails.
This was the Caſe with *Myra* fair,
Allways ſuſceptible to hear,
Each quibling Tale ſhe did declare.
As *Ruth* advis'd, her Thoughts were fix'd,
Tho' with Diſſimulation mix'd.
A baſe diſſembler *Ruth* did prove,
In all the Maids affairs of Love.
All her Intrigues, ſhe told her Mother,
The ſame ſhe likewiſe told her Brother.
Thus with pretending Secrecy,
Favour gains through the Family.
*Zeno*'s Affairs ſhe much puſh'd on,
With great Extimulation,
Thro' *Ruth* and *Hebe* his Suit was granted,
His whole Eſtate was what they wanted.
Now *Myra*'s Father had been dead,
Sometime before this happened;
Her Fortune which he left in Store,
One Hundred Pound, it was no more.
But what of that, her Perſon might,
Give Man more Pleaſure and Delight,
Than Riches or an *Indian* Mine,
When true Contentment doth conjoin,
And Love unites the nuptial Kiſs,
No Riches can give greater Bliſs.

*Zeno*

*Zeno* returns in a ſhort Space,
To Maid and Mother tells his Caſe,
Renews his Viſits o'er and o'er,
Three times *per* Week and ſometimes more.
The Maid's compelled to conſent,
To wed, with ſeeming Diſcontent.
Old *Hebe* and *Tattler* with much Care,
To hurry *Zeno* in a Snare,
Preſs hard upon him now to know,
What Settlement he would beſtow,
Upon what Terms he would agree,
The Marriage Articles to be.
In wild Delight, he does reply,
"To what you pleaſe I will comply,
To make us happy, ſhe ſhall have,
What Settlement ſhe's pleaſe to crave.
The Mother for the Lawyer ſent,
A Servant, who that Inſtant went,
The bluſt'ring Lawyer came with ſpeed,
To make the Writings as agreed,
Between them all, and you muſt know,
Old *Hebe* in private did beſtow,
A Fee, the Lawyer to compel,
The Marriage Rites to manage well.
The Lawyer writes, as was directed;
His writing was not then inſpected,
By *Zeno*, who quite mute did ſtand,
Then ſign'd and ſeal'd with his own Hand,
In Extaſy, and vain Delight,
Believes that ev'ry thing is right;

To make him happy with his Bride,
Such Amours o'er his Thoughts do glide.
Things being ſettled now, and done,
The Marriage Writings thus did run;
His whole Eſtate had ſingn'd to give her,
To *Myra* and her Heirs for ever:
Her Hundred Pound he was to have,
He aſk'd no more, no more did crave.
The Marriage-Day, it was appointed,
In a Months Time, as *Zeno* wanted,
To get his Manſion and Eſtate,
In Order;——every thing complete,
To crown the nuptial Day with Joy,
Homeward he goes in Extaſy.
To Stock his Farm, doth now prepare,
With Goods that were exquiſite rare;
Choice Furniture within his Houſe,
To gain the Favour of his Spouſe.
But *Zeno* ſhort of Caſh was found,
On Notes took up two Hundred Pounds.
Thus every thing he did provide,
To welcome his beloved Bride;
Againſt the Day, the wiſh'd for Day!
Which being come he haſtes away;
On mettled Steed, in rich Attire,
Like ſome great Gentleman or 'Squire.
To *Hebe*'s, where ev'ry thing he found,
In Form and Order to abound.
*Myra* was deck'd in fine Array,
Might vie with *Flora* in the *May*,

The Time appointed they ſet out,
And to the Church, then take their Rout;
Now to engage in *Hymen*'s Band:
They ſoon were joined Hand in Hand.
'Twas in the pleaſant Month of *June*,
Ambroſial Sweets, the Lawns perfume;
A coſtly Feaſt, old *Hebe* does get,
Their Friends and beſt Relations met;
Dinner being o'er,——they pipe and ſmoke,
In toping Order, drink and joke;
In Jollity, they ſpent the Day,
Then Home by Moon-light reel away;
The Bridegroom, with his Bride is brought,
To Bed with various Turn of Thought;
By *Ruth*, with ambifarious Jeſt:
To pleaſe them both, ſhe thinks it beſt.

Now what ſhould happen in the Night,
*Myra* from *Zeno* takes her Flight;
And to another Bed doth go,
Like one that is depreſs'd with Woe.
This doth the Bridegroom agitate;
His Thoughts with Rage, to curſe his Fate;
Bewildered, 'twixt Fear and Rage,
Like Debtors pent in Iron Cage.
Or *Bajezet*, who *Tamerlane*,
With wild Diſpair, made to complain,
Thus he contemplates in his Mind,
Crying, "Fortune, Fortune, Love is blind!

That

That Foe to Man, Impotency,
This Weakneſs, Inability,
Hath made the fair Maid quit my Arms,
'Cauſe I could not enjoy her Charms."
He turns and tumbles in his Bed,
His Thoughts are rack'd with Fear and Dread.
Thus the remaining Part of Night,
He rolls about, 'till Morning Light:
When *Phœbus* doth her Beams diſplay,
Softly down Stairs, he creeps away;
With languid Looks, his Fears are double,
Like Man when in the the greateſt trouble.
The Maid he did ſo much adore,
Small Courage hath to ſee her more.
Inſtead of Pleaſure, there is Pain,
Each wiſh that they were free again;
One ſingle Smile they can't afford,
Each other now in Deed or Word:
In frappiſh Order, mix'd with Fear,
Like Strangers both of them appear.
A Day or two, at *Hebe's* they ſtaid,
'Till *Zeno* did the Maid perſwade,
Unto his Manſion now to go,
Who went in Anxiety and Woe.
All things were ready and provided,
For their Receptance, when alighted,
By People *Zeno* left at Home,
Againſt the Time his Bride ſhould come.

She ſtaid a Week, and ſome Days more,
Her Thoughts to Indignation ſoar:
From *Zeno* now reſolv'd to part,
Knowing he never had her Heart.

EARLY one Morn by break of Day,
Unto her Mother poſts away.
The Huſband now doth foam and rave,
Unſettled like the fleeting Wave.
With Paleneſs, melancholly, Rage,
A Jealouſy doth now preſage,
With Sorrow and Diſquietude,
Purſues his Wife in painful Mood:
The Neighbours round do laugh and joke,
Which doth the Bridegroom more provoke;
With waggiſh Fun, and wheedling Tale,
They him cajole, his Caſe bewail;
Tho' ambidextrouſly they ſide,
With him, yet none his Faults will hide.
A Fumbler he is deem'd by all,
By *Kate*, by *Joan*, by *Ralph* and *Saul*.
At merry Gambols, on the Green,
He's hooted at ſhould he be ſeen.
How weak, how languid is the Flame,
That he had for the blooming Dame;
At *Hebe's* he doth ſmall Comfort find,
*Myra* proves more and more unkind.
Whilſt he poor Fumbler, ſcarce can bear.
The Treatment that he meets with there.

From

From Morn to Night, doth caſt his Eye,
On *Myra*, with faint Jealouſy;
Strange Phantoms ſeize his raving Head,
He thinks ſhe will defile his Bed;
As he himſelf his Wife can't pleaſe,
It racks his thoughts ten thouſand Ways.
At Night, when into Bed they come,
She ſcolds, then out of Bed doth run;
Which doth enflame his madding Brain,
All Night the Dog-Star furies Reign.
Mad *Tom* in *Bedlam* ſcarce could ſhew,
Such turn of Paſſion *Zeno* drew.
There was a Servant there did dwell,
And *Myra* did eſteem him well:
To *Tom* ſhe oft doth Favour ſhew,
Which makes her Huſband's Boſom glow;
With Jealouſy, with Rage and Fear,
Like Mad-man really doth appear,
He's often ſeen to foam and vex,
Nay wicked Deeds, his thoughts perplex;
Conjectures they intend his Life,
Muſt take his Flight of *Hebe* and Wife;
Imagines he did hear them ſay,
They'd roaſt or boil him Night or Day;
From Drink and Victuals doth abſtain,
His hungry Appetite with Pain;
Oh horrid Thoughts! believes that they,
A Doſe of Poiſon will convey,
Into his Food with Secrecy.

Wife

Wife, Mother, Brother, *Tom* and *Ruth*,
Believes he's a Madman in truth:
In ghaſtly Form, he ſtalks about,
Like Goblins in the Duſk of Night;
Such Phantoms which weak Fancy brings,
To mind, with ſuch like fooliſh things.
A Skeleton was to behold,
So meagre grown, his Looks ſo old.
With Beard grown long, looks pale and wan,
Much like *Old Par* his Country-Man.
In drooping Order, bends his Back,
His Soul's impriſon'd on the Rack:
In melancholly Poſture ſits,
By Turns, ſeems raging Mad by Fits.
In a ſhort Space they all agree,
With Care he ſhould conducted be,
Unto his Mother ſpeedily.
He doth comply to their Deſire,
Oft for his Mother doth enquire.
Loaded with Grief, with Fear and Shame,
His Heart burns with an inward Flame,
When at his Mother's doth appear,
Old *Crab* begins to curſe and ſwear,
Hard Names he calls him o'er and o'er,
Enough to make the Madman roar.
His Looks as wild as *Zeno*'s be,
Strange Spectacles, are they to ſee.
Few Words ſays *Zeno* good or bad,
Believes himſelf he's really Mad:

Cloſe

Cloſe in a Room, he's Pris'ner made,
The Windows ſhut, in Darkneſs laid,
And leſt he ſhould be rudiſh found,
Faſt to the Bedſtead he is bound,
With rattl'ing Chain, he is ſecur'd,
Strange Hardſhips now with *Crab* endur'd.
No old Companion,——faithful Friend,
Is now permitted to attend
On him, to ſooth his Thoughts from Grief,
No Succour finds to give Relief.
Thus he remains.——Both Parties ſtrive,
And fetch his Goods dead and alive;
His Manſion's pilfer'd, his Eſtate,
Is let to Farmers under Rate:
His Books which were his ſole Delight,
Lie here and there; a piteous Sight!
By Rats and Vermin are deſtroy'd,
Regarded not by either Side.

(PITY the Man ye Nymphs and Swains,
Who free from Bondage trip the Plains.
Pity his Caſe, when *Hymen*'s Rite,
Doth founder on the Wedding-Night.
Had *Zeno* but his Manhood ſhewn,
Favour had gain'd, and Pleaſure known,
No Cauſe had been for Jealouſy,
To make him ſo melancholly.
Becauſe he is low Spirited,
He's drove to black Diſpair and Dread;

No *Jove* among the fair Ones was,
But for a Fumbler he did paſs;
His Wife he to Rebelion draws,
And that unfolds the hidden Cauſe.
Platonic Cuckoldom ſome may,
Improve in quibling Tales diſplay.
From bad to worſe he's hurried,
His former Joys are baniſhed;
Rattl'ing his Chain, no Friend can ſee,
That will to him obſequious be.
Ye vig'rous Youths, by him take Care,
How you engage the blooming Fair;
If things go wrong, it's much the ſame,
Opprobrious to a Man's good Name.
But if a happy Choice you make,
Contented then you may partake,
Enjoyment with Simplicity.
And with each other happy be.

But ſomething more ſtill to relate,
Of *Zeno*'s moſt unhappy State;
Full half a Year, or ſomething more,
With *Crab* he cloſe Confinement bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd to go out of Door.
So long pent up, 'twixt Rage and Pain,
Grew now more ſettled in his Brain.
Reſolv'd if Opportunity,
Should offer,——he from them would fly.
It was not long before old *Crab*,
A Journey goes to ſee *G. Nab*;

Mean

Mean While his Madman doth retire,
Makes his Eſcape in Wrath and Ire,
Seizes a Nag which was his own,
On which he mounts, away is gone.
To ſee ſome of his choiceſt Friends,
To ſooth his thoughts, on them attends,
But ſtill hard Fortune he doth find,
His Creditors prove moſt unkind,
One of them, ſurly, haſty, raſh,
In Order to procure his Caſh;
Againſt him ſends a Writ and Warrant,
By *Bailiffs*, who go on that Errand.
From Place to Place, oppreſs'd with Fears,
Afraid of all he ſees or hears.
Into another County goes,
Full of Misfortunes mix'd with Woes;
There he'd a Friend,——Companion,
He thought to be an honeſt Man.
One *Derlas*, whom he tells his Caſe,
Who much regrets his deep diſtreſs.
Yet can't aſſiſt him ne'ertheleſs.
Like wand'ring *Jew*, (if ſuch there be)
He is depreſs'd as you may ſee.
This *Derlas*, now his only Friend,
He doth requeſt he will attend,
One *Saturday Eve*, his Wife to ſee.
If ſhe conſolable will be.
She fumes and frowns at him diſtreſt,
Pities his Caſe not in the leaſt.

Unto

Unto no Terms, ſhe will comply,
To pay his Debts with Honeſty.
His Friend returns, and leaves him there,
Small Hopes between them doth appear.
Still more hard Fate, as you will find,
He meets with to afflict his Mind:
As he comes back unto his Friend,
Another Creditor doth ſend,
A Writ into that County where,
They did ſuſpect him to be there,
Near to where *Derlas* did reſide,
Two * Bums themſelves in Ambuſh hide,
As he rides by, they ſeize him there,
Hard Caſe, hard Fortune to declare,
No Time allow'd, nor can prevail,
To ſee no Friend, but ſtraight to Goal,
He's hurried, loaded with Fears,
Enters the Caſtle, ſhedding Tears.
With Diſappointments, croſt and vex'd,
No Man was like him ſo perplex'd.
There he remains, his Thoughts they pore,
On his Misfortunes o'er and o'er,
His Brother Debtors flock about,
To have their Garniſh, make a Rout,
*Zeno* ſubmits the ſame to pay,
Goaler and Priſoner make a prey.



* Vulgarly called *Bum-Bailiffs*.

Compel him to augment his Trouble,
With ſharp Extortion to pay double.
His Pockets low, he's forc'd to ſend,
A Letter to a well known Friend,
To go to *Hebe* ſtraight to command,
His hundred Pound paid out of Hand:
*Myra* conſents, the Money's paid,
As Marriage Articles were made.
The Caſh to *Zeno*'s brought with ſpeed,
Poor Man! 'tis what he wants indeed.
To drown his Sorrows, Night and Day,
He drinks to paſs dull Hours away.
In fudling Order doth appear,
Scarce ſober ſettled for a Year.
Thus now in Priſon plays the Rake,
His former Follies off to ſhake;
To great Exceſs, the Flaggon's toſt,
'Till Caſh begins quite to exhauſt.
His Purſe grows empty by Degrees,
Scarce Caſh to pay the Goaler's Fees.
At laſt his Creditors agree,
And will compound to ſet him free:
They 'gree to have his annual Rent,
The Value of his *Tenement*;
Equall divide the total Sum,
For that and future Years to come,
Until their Money ſhall be paid,
No other Terms can now be made:

Becauſe that *Myra* won't agree,
That any Mortgage there ſhall be,
Levy'd on either Houſe or Land,
To pay his Debts, ſhe off doth ſtand.

Now *Zeno* rambles too and fro,
Which way to take, he ſcarce doth know:
To ſee his Wife at laſt doth venture:
But ſoon as he the Doors doth enter,
She ſcolds,——enrag'd againſt him then,
Upbraids him as the worſt of Men,
Saying, the Wrongs ſhe hath receiv'd,
Can ſcarce be paralell'd, ſhe believ'd,
His Frailties did produce his Fall,
Well-known unto his Neighbours all.
Theſe Words made *Zeno* ſigh and ſay,
He'd ſtrive to pleaſe her Night and Day,
If ſhe with him would now agree
To live,——that they might happy be.
But all theſe Sayings will not do,
More groſs diſpleaſure ſhe doth ſhew;
Reviles him, bids him to abſcond,
Her Preſence, who ſo much he'd wrong'd.

While he had been in Priſon pent,
She had a Daughter to preſent,
A lovely Babe 'twas to behold,
Which ſcarce was turned ſix Months old,
*Zeno* look'd on with Admiration,
Was rack'd with inward Conſternation.

Much like the Quakers when oppreſt,
With ſomething to diſturb the Reſt,
To make them groan and ſtrike the Breaſt.
Contemplates thus, *All, all is gone,*
*Since I've an Heireſs, not my own!*
His ſecret Thoughts were thus diſpos'd,
But fain he would his Wife compos'd,
That ſhe ſubſerviant would be,
As Man and Wife live and agree:
But ſhe cry's out; *No more dan't teaze,*
*But go and get you where you pleaſe,*
Now from his Wife he cannot find,
No Favour but what's moſt unkind,
Reſolved by a Friend's Aſſiſtance,
To remove further at a Diſtance,
That he may neither hear nor ſee,
His Wife, her Daughter, Family.
A Friend he hath, pities his Caſe,
In *London* now gets him a Place,
To which he goes, and is eſteem'd.
(An honeſt Man was allways deem'd.)

THIS is the Sequel, ſtop my Muſe,
Perhaps I may be thought profuſe;
But as it was my greateſt Aim,
To let my Readers know the ſame:
The Hiſtory from firſt to laſt,
Of each Misfortune that had paſt;
Example take, and try to ſhun,
Such Faults,——and not to Error run.

ADVICE

# ADVICE to a FRIEND,

## In LOVE with Miſs L*** D***.

WHAT, is't Miſs *L*** D**** you ſo much admire?
Who hath enflam'd your Heart with mutual Fire?
If ſhe's inconſtant, don't my Friend complain,
Nor wiſh for Death, whilſt others you may gain.
If one ſhould ſlight, there's others will prove true,
Then don't diſpair, but inſtantly purſue,
Some other Fair, that will more kinder prove,
Who in Return, will grant you *Love for Love*:
With ſuch then join, in *Hymen*'s Bands for Life.
What's more Delightful than a virtuous Wife?

# An ELEGY,

## ON THE DEATH OF AMBROSE SADLER,

Late of *WIRSWALL*, near *WHITCHURCH*, SHROPSHIRE.

ROUSE up weak Muſe, Man's crude Outlines to trace,
Terraqueous Offspring of the human Race,
Which the OMNISCIENT, by his Will ordain'd,
When out of *Chaos*, all things he had fram'd.
Rais'd out of Duſt, a Shape was truly given,
Intended as the Ornament of Heaven;
To join the heavenly Hoſt, with Joy and Bliſs,
Partakers of cæleſtial Happineſs.
But in this State, Man did not long remain,
Pure Innocence divine, could not retain:
But fell a Victim to the Serpent's Wiles,
Whoſe ſubtle Craft, pure Innocence beguiles.
That Death triumphant, over Man ſhall Reign,
To ſhock his anxious Soul with Fear and Pain.

Ludi-

Ludibrious Folly, acted thus muſt be,
Regretted to the laſt Poſterity.
The ſacred Writ, ſhews Man is prone to ſin,
Since the Creation did at firſt begin;
Deeds good or bad:——As his tenacious Mind
Is bent,——he'll favour;——vary with the Wind.
Inflexible, adhering to what's brought,
Within the Compaſs of his narrow Thought.
With inward Zeal, ſomtimes he's heated hot,
And is bewilder'd, in a Labyrinth got:
When his ill Conduct doth oppreſs his Soul,
In Combination to attract the whole!
The Fabric,——he hath pomper'd up by Stealth;
(I mean the Man, that hoards ill-gotten Wealth.)
What Fear, what Terror ſhould his End draw near;
And ghaſtly Death, in ghaſtly Form appear?
Harden'd in Weakneſs, ſhould his Heart relent,
He ſcarce doth know which way he muſt repent.
How ſhocking then, muſt be this Sinner's State,
To his Attendant, who on him doth wait;
To ſee him ſtrive 'gainſt Agonies of Death,
Or yield with horrid Groans, his vital Breath.

But 'tis not ſo with him that doth acquire,
No more than what is honeſt, juſt and pure;



Note, From Line 17, to 36, ſtrictly ſpeaks of a Man who lives in an irregular wicked Courſe of Life; and from 36, to 56, &c. points out the Happineſs a Man enjoys, who lives in a regular good Courſe of Life.

Who's free from dire Ambition's hateful Curſe,
That Fiend to true Contentment,——what is worſe?
That Man enjoys more Happineſs and Eaſe,
Than *Alexanders*, who contend for Bays.
If truly good, he can deſire no more,
No worldly Treaſure, on his Head to pour.
As Fate allots, he ever is Content,
If in a Cottage, or a Pallace pent,
Nor will (if Power) any exauctorate,
To make more Room himſelf to elevate,
Nor is decidious, tott'ring too and fro,
But ever ſteady in his way doth go.
And paſſes through with Eaſe, the Verge of Life,
Needs no Deciſſion, to end Rage, or Strife.
And at the laſt, when Death is pleas'd to call,
Freely ſubmits, ne'er pines or mourns his Fall.
But yields in hopes, more heavenly Bliſs to gain,
Than on this Sphere he ever could attain.

MUCH like to him, was *Ambroſe* when alive.
His Actions juſt, for nothing bad did ſtrive.
None of his Scenes of Life, I need to hide,
But ſhew you plainly, how he liv'd and dy'd.
His Anceſtors, were in a fluent State,
But now reduc'd to lower Claſs by Fate,
Yet ſtill retain'd, when in the loweſt Degree,
That principal of Virtue,——Equity,
Belov'd by all, was *Ambroſe* it appears.
E'en from his Cradle, to his lateſt Years.

By Poor and Rich, he oft much Favour found,
And was eſteem'd by all his Neighbours round;
Calm in Debates,——his Diſpoſition mild,
As kind a Father, as e'er had a Child.
The Love he bore towards his Family,
Was great, not ſubject to Excelſity.
Tho' urg'd to Heat, not ſubject to a Phrenſy,
Appeas'd his Mind, from hot Excandeſcency.
For Wife and Children did provide with Care,
Gave each enough,——ne'er urged them to ſpare.
Bleſt in his Station, ſlept contentedly,
Whate'er he had, he got by Induſtry;
And labour'd hard, with a contented Mind,
Ne'er murmer'd, or thought Providence unkind.
For hidden Treaſure, he would never Search,
Nor aim at what appear'd above his Reach.
To reſt, ſhould he come from the fragrant Mead,
Some godly Book, he very oft would read;
Which eas'd his Mind, to ſound the Almighty's Praiſe,
A Churchman good, few like him now a Days!
Or to amuſe, when *Phœbus* doth retire,
Down in the *Weſt*,——would tune his ſtringed Lyre,
Did play moſt ſweet, and *Handell's* Notes entwine,
Like his were ſhrill, but not (perhaps) ſo fine.
Muſic he own'd, to be his fav'rite Theme,
Was always pleas'd, when in it's Sound he came.
Thus he liv'd free from a contentious Life,
Was bleſt with Children and obedient Wife:

But

But * Sixtytwo, a fatal Year I'll call,
A woeful Accident did him befal:
As he did climb, to crop a ſhady Tree,
A treacherous Bough, did prove moſt ſlippery,
And let him fall, his Ax within his Hand,
Then for ſome Time, lay ſenſeleſs on the Ground.
Panting for Breath, until a Gentleman,
Coming that way, to his Aſſiſtance ran,
And order'd Cart, and Horſes ſtraight with ſpeed,
A Feather Bed, on which he lay to bleed.
When Home he's brought, ſmall hopes in him they ſee,
The Doctor ſays, *He's paſt Recovery.*
He languiſh'd on, for more then half a † Year,
Did ſometimes better, ſometimes worſe appear:
Patient like *Job*, he bore the greateſt Pain,
With fixed Mind,——nor did he much complain:
But wiſh'd to leave, this Load of Clay behind,
That he more Eaſe and Happineſs might find.
His Breath grown ſhort, at laſt his Period's come,
To make his Exit, to his celeſtial Home;
When he expires, is heard ſome ſudden Cries,
*Alaſs he goes! Alaſs poor* Ambroſe *dies!*
He's gone for ever, now his Soul takes Flight,
From Regions dark, unto the Realms of Light.
Around his Corps, his Friends and Neighbours mourn,
Until he languid pale and ſtiff is grown.

His

---

* He dyed *December* the 10th, 1762, Aged 56. † From *May* to *December*.

His Life's conſign'd, to Happineſs and Peace,
Where endleſs Pleaſures never once will ceaſe.
His mournful Widow, and his Children dear,
Ceaſe not to drop a tributary Tear.
When the Bell tolls, and ſounds a ſolemn Knell,
The Neighbours come, to bid him once Farewell.
Hoping this humble Epitaph may be,
Ever memorable from ſuch as *He*;
Who liv'd and dy'd, with ſanctity of Mind,
Free from Corruption, virtuouſly inclin'd.

## On the Return of a Friend from FRANCE.

*To Mr.* ISAAC TARRATT.

DEAR Friend, what Pleaſure o'er my Thoughts abound,
To hear you're ſafe arriv'd on *Britiſh* Ground,
Fearful I was, leſt ſome unproſp'rous Gale,
Should turn to Tempeſt, when you're under Sail:
But Providence, upon you deign'd to ſmile,
And brought you back, unto your native Iſle;
That you at *Epſom*, Happineſs may find,
T'enjoy long Life, with true Content of Mind.
'Twas SADLER's Wiſh, that we may keep and ſee,
True Correſpondence, without Flattery.

SYLVIA

# SYLVIA:

OR,

# The Virtuous Maid,

## A PASTORAL.

DOWN, down in a Valley dwelt *Sylvia* ſo fair,
So blooming, few Laſſes could with her compare:
She ſung ſuch ſweet Sonnets, enchanting ſo ſweet,
Which charm'd each young Shepherd ſhe happen'd to meet.
Retir'd in a Cottage ſo neat and ſo clean,
She tunes her ſhrill Pipe, with mellodious Strain:
Pure Innocence, Virtue, doth *Sylvia* befriend,
Are always her Guardians, and on her attend.

Thus bleſt in her Station, ſhe's happy and free,
At her Wheel ſhe ſits ſpinning, contented is ſhe;
With her Fingers ſo nimble, the Thread ſhe can twine,
Or grace the keen Needle, a Sempſtreſs moſt fine!
There

☞ For the firſt Paſtoral as mention,d in the *Propoſals*, ſee the later End of this Book.

There's *Ralph, Thomas, William, James, Harry* and
*Dan,*
To gain her Affections, they do all they can:
But all their Endeavours, prove fruitleſs and vain,
For ſtill the chaſte *Sylvia*, a Maid will remain.

Retirement's the Joy, the Delight of her Soul,
No amorous Bliſſes her Senſes controul;
Nor will ſhe conſent, to the perjur'd falſe Swain,
To bring on her Ruin, and make her complain.
No ſenſual falſe Pleaſure, fair *Sylvia*'ll purſue,
Nor yield unto Man, but what's conſtant and true:
To Sporting and Courting, ſhe will not comply,
Nor go to thoſe Pleaſures, ſome Maidens enjoy.

A Neighbouring Squire who doth oft ride that
Way,
Did long Time endeavour this Maid to Betray;
One Eve when fair *Sylvia*, from Market did hye,
The Squire he purſued her, her Virtue to try.
By a Wood he attack'd her, no one being near,
Enamour'd, he ſays, "Can you love me, My *Dear*;
"For one Moment's Pleaſure, I'll give you fine
Things,
"A Purſe full of Guineas, Gold Watches and Rings."

The fair Maid ſurprized to hear him ſay ſo,
She bluſh'd like the Roſes, her Cheeks they did glow;
Tho' frighten'd ſaid boldly, "How dare you intrude,
"Or aſk me ſuch Queſtions, impertinent Rude."

The

The Squire then in haſte claſpt her round in his Arms,
His wicked Intent was to rifle her Charms;
Such Uſage made *Sylvia* to ſchriek out amain,
When *Damon*, briſk *Damon*, trip'd over the Plain.

To *Sylvia's* Aſſiſtance, he ran with full ſpeed,
And banged the Squire, e'er he mounted his Steed;
Then guarded her Home, without Danger or Fear,
The Moon's borrow'd Light, adds a Luſture moſt clear:
And ſoon the briſk Shepherd engaged the fair ſhe,
And married her.——Oh, how happy is He!
Ye fair Ones ſo blooming, take Notice of this,
And Copy from *Sylvia*, your Aim you'll not miſs.

# An ELEGY,

## ON THE DEATH OF

## Mr. GARVASE WALKER,

Late of NAMPTWICH, CHESHIRE.

BOAST not vain Man, of Honour, Birth or Name
Of Crowns, or Scepters, dignifi'd to Fame;
With rapid Courſe, old Time flies ſwift away,
All worldly Pleaſures haſten to decay.
So ſays the Proverb, to excite Man's Mind,
Which waves each Way, like Coracles with Wind,
Some good, ſome bad, ſome in a middle State,
They turn the Scale juſt with the Rules of Fate.

How few we find, upon this earthly Sphere,
Free from Ambition, but capricious are,
What vain Vagaries, haunt the Thoughts of Man,
Senſual Delight, and Av'rice is his Plan.
Plain Reaſon's Card he'll ſeldom chuſe to play,
But trump out all the worſer Sort away.

THUS thoughtleſs Man, not thinking of his End,
For worldy Gain, will to the laſt contend,

With

With his delinquent, tho' his Caſe is bad,
Should he but conquer, then he's raving mad,
With Joy! Tho' Death ſhould in Diſguiſe appear,
And hover o'er him in his Elbow Chair;
To the Omniſcient, will not pay his Dues,
But mock Religious Ceremonies Uſe.

How bleſt is he, who can behold more clear,
Celeſtial Joy, on this terreſtial Sphere,
And in ſome godly Path, go on ſecure,
From *Belial*'s Watch, who ſtrive to ſtop the Door,
Which leads into that narrow heavenly Way,
Where ſpiritual Angels, chant harmonious Lay.
Inſpir'd by God, muſt be that heavenly Throng,
Who joyn the Chorus of an Angel's Song.

How bleſt is he, who ev'ry Hour doth try,
To live like *Walker*, and like *Walker* die;
Tho' ſhort his Period, yet he liv'd to ſcan,
A ſublime Genius on an heavenly Plan.
Profus'd Delight, he every Day could ſee.
Spread o'er his Head, from Contemplation's Tree.
He well could ſcan the muſing Poet's Song,
Point out each Couplet, whether right or wrong.
Like a good-natur'd Critic he would ſpare,
Not laſh the Muſe with a diſdainful Air.
Truth was his Guide, in every Degree,
Prun'd off each Suckling from his Friend (or me.)
But I alaſs, elegiac Notes muſt ſing!
Or *Dirges* mournful, bore on Fancy's Wing.

For

For with my Friend, much valu'd *Walker*, I
Did ne'er but once, enjoy his Company:
But truly then, I found a worthy Man,
To contemplate on Science's fair Plan.
With fond Delight, I hugg'd myſelf a While,
But Fortune was not pleas'd on me to ſmile,
In a few Days, the News to me did come,
*Walker* was gone to his celeſtial Home:
When my new Friend, I found was from me ta'n,
My merry Heart was ſeiz'd with inward Pain;
I mourn'd, tho' *Walker* join'd the heavenly Choir,
Who chant out Praiſe, on each celeſtial Lyre.
When *Walker* liv'd, how happy was his Lot,
And now he's dead, he cannot be forgot
By all his Friends, who penſively have ſat,
To hear his Verſes, and poetic Chat;
Or hear him reaſon on divine Eſſays,
He knew what Authors beſt deſerv'd the Bays:
The Beauty of each paſſage he could ſhew,
In the SPECTATOR, and in SHAKESPEAR too.
Fam'd *Pope* he lov'd, in *Milton* took Delight,
And own'd that *Churchill*, very well did Write.

BOTH the fam'd *Diaries*, *Walker* us'd to ſee,
There argu'd well, on ſound *Philoſophy*.
To paſs ſome Hours, he often would engage,
To ſcan the Beauties of the ſacred *Page*:

That ſacred Book, he did peruſe with Care,
Of true Delight, receiv'd an ample Share:
Being truly good, what Happineſs had he,
Death ſeiz'd him,——ſent him to Eternity.
To all his Friends, what univerſal Joy
It gives, to ſee bright Virtue live and die,
A bright Example to Futurity.

## On the Fixed STARS.

*To the ANTI-ATHEIST.*

NO Teleſcope e'er made, can magnify,
The fixed Stars, that twinkle in the Sky.
Like Points at immenſe Diſtance will appear,
And loſe their Luſtre in their Heavenly Sphere;
Diminiſh'd more than magnify'd will be,
Which prove th' Exiſtence of a Deity.

COMBERMERE

# COMBERMERE.

## A POEM.

### Humbly inſcribed to the Hon. Sir LYNCH SALUSBURY COTTON, Bart.

O! How it would delight my artleſs *Muſe*,
Could I but true poetic Numbers chuſe;
And like a *Pope*, or *Shakeſpear* Lines prepare,
To ſing the Beauties of fair *Combermere*,
Which oft I've paſt, bewilder'd then my Thought,
Like Wand'rer, frequent in a Lab'rinth caught;
To ſee ſuch Scenes, attract my wand'ring Eye,
I ſhould ſing more than *Homer* did of *Troy*.
Could I deſcribe, the Beauty of the whole,
Tranſports of Joy, would ſeize my longing Soul.

As I along the chequer'd *Pavement tread,
A curious Lawn, enrich'd with fragrant Mead,



* Highway from *Burly Dam*, to *Combermere*.

Enchants my Thoughts, with Wonder and Delight,
To have ſo fair a Landſkip in my Sight:
While *Zephir* gently fans each ſpreading Tree,
A vaſt Profuſion of Delight I ſee.
Hark in a * Coppice how the feather'd Choir,
Sing ſweet *Sonnets*!——great Numbers there retire:
Harmonious Songſters, raviſhing my Ear
Set Care aſide, domeſtic Wants and Fear.

Lo! on a Sudden, as along I roam,
My Eye obſerves the hoſpitable Dome,
Which graces COTTON's honourable Name,
Who many Ages have enjoy'd the ſame.
Benevolence here finds a ſafe Retreat,
To bleſs this Manſion,——this lov'd rural *Seat!*
Where true Retirement, is with Pleaſure found,
That Contemplation may with Joy abound.

THE happy Pair, bleſt with their Children dear,
Do here reſide, ſecure from Noiſe and Fear;
And live retir'd from Court's tumultuous Noiſe,
Which darts thro' Ether, towards etherial Skies.
Since the Omniſcient doth upon them pour,
Bleſſings redundant, Joy terreſtial Store;
Whoſe lib'ral Bounty, feeds domeſtic Slaves,
Who gladly go, to bind their Wheaten Sheaves.

EACH

* A Copy of Trees, on the Right, oppoſite the Park.

Each Nymph and Swain, all *Hymen*'s ſacred Band,
May prize it more, than if * *Malbedeng*'s Land,
Since Virtue doth ſerenely ſhine within,
To guard 'gainſt Levity, that ſource of Sin.
As I paſs on, cloſe by a Paliſade,
A curious Statue faces the † Parade,
A lovely Walk, where Trees and Shrubs appear
In Rows:——The Beauty of fair *Combermere*.
See Nature's Landſcape, paint each Ever-green,
Enamell'd Flowers, at Diſtance too are ſeen.
The wand'ring Eye, eſpies a fair Alcove,
Which doth appear a happy Place for Love.
Love! nothing elſe, but Love can here abide,
Here true Love, true Love, muſt triumphant ride,
In gilded Car, like *Xerxes* mounted high,
And ting'd with Colours, like yon azure Sky.
Old Truth and Reaſon on true Love attends,
They are her Guide, (nay every Man's beſt Friends.)

As I beheld this parabolic Space,
Still ſomething more, appears with reg'lar Grace,
The Trees, the Buildings, and each beauteous Bower,
My Thoughts are charm'd, to Contemplation ſoar:
To ſee ſuch Outlines, Sketch a Map ſo fair,
The beauteous Platform of fair *Combermere*.



* Before the Reformation, *Cambden* ſays that *Malbedeng* kept a ſmall religious Houſe, or an Abby here. See his *Britania*.

† A View of the Gardens, and Front of the Dome.

Thoſe curious Gardens, had I travers'd o'er,
The curious Scen'ry, I ſhould more explore,
But tho' I ne'er thoſe lovely Walks did tread,
I'm ſtill content to wander down the Glade:
The Path which leads thro' thoſe delighful Bowers;
Near which appear thoſe Fountains, Groves and Flowers.
The Muſe profus'd, obſequous turns around,
Then on the Right, *Pan*'s Paſt'ral Charge is found,
In teeming Fields, where *Ceres* paints each Scene,
With embrio Sheaves, or Graſs that's ever green.
Which Providence to Man is pleas'd to give,
To make him humble, and know how to live.
Terreſtial Joys, in fleeting Order wave,
Or twinkle on, then ſink, in dreary Grave,
The Righteous find, great Bleſſings here on Earth,
But greater ſtill, when they reſign their Breath.
Melodious Pleaſures, everlaſting Peace,
Celeſtial Joy, that never, never ceaſe.
The happy Pair free from tempeſtuous Strife,
May here like *Cowley*, praiſe a Country Life.

Next to my View, fine Buildings do appear,
Which ſeem as if ſome beauteous Villa's near,
Out-Houſes, Stables, Barns in Order found,
An oblong Square is the incloſed Ground,
Here new Milch Kine, and fatt'ning Sheep are pen'd,
Here Draught Horſe, Coach Horſe, nobler Steeds attend.

Here

Here Coachman, Groom, and whiſtling Carters are,
Employ'd with Buſineſs, each their proper Share.

As I paſs on through the deſcending Glade,
Eſpy ſome Peaſants, delving with the Spade.
Smooth in the Surface of th' uneven Sphere,
Whoſe rural Songs, enchant my liſt'ning Ear.
Chearful they run the rumbling Barrow o'er,
Each freſco'd Lawn, each Walk, or ſedgy Shore.

Enchanting Sound, now raviſhes my Ear,
And Eccho, ſeems on Eccho to draw near,
The Clock ſtrikes Twelve; over the wat'ry Plain,
The Sound's redoubled, and I hear again.
Here on my Left, the ſtately Dome is ſeen,
And there a Wood, with fleeting Waves between
A ſpacious Mere, enrich'd with Fiſh great Store,
Of vaſt Extent, from higher End to low'r.
A large Area, in this Space is found.
A Catinarian Curve, runs moſtly round.
Here ſtill new Objects, do my Thoughts enhance,
As I behold this wat'ry vaſt Expanſe.
The Car-Gooſe, Widgeon, Duck, and diving Coot
Now here, now there, in diving Order ſhoot.
The Swans elate, with ermine Breaſt ſet Sail,
In ſtately Form, down with the waving Gale.
See Pride, Ambition, in the Swans appear,
If ſeen, how ſcornful is their Gait and Air.

The Fiſherman, within his Boat doth ſtand,
The liquid Way, is cut at his Command.
He baits his Hooks, and lays his Nets with Care,
Then draws them up, has ſomething for his Share.
That Plenty may with every Thing abound,
He rows his Boat, and takes a curving round.

A Ship's a Caſtle, on the Baltic Sea,
A Boat's the ſame, when on the liquid Way.
O'er the ſmooth Surface of this pleaſing Lake,
A pond'rous Sight of waving Trees I take.
A mighty Clump of lofty Oaks they are
And Conic Firs aſcending in the Air.
See at their Feet, the Hazle, Brambles, Ruſh,
Thro' every Glade, there's ev'ry where a Buſh.
A ſafe Retreat for all the feather'd Choir,
To harmonize, on their melodious Lyre.
Within this Wilderneſs, each ſhady Grove
The nimble Race of Quadrupedes they rove.
The tim'rous Hare, the Squirrel, Weazel lie,
Within theſe Shades, ſecure from Tray or Sly.
Numbers of Inſects, and the reptile Throng,
Unſeen, may draw their crooked Lengths along.
While Zephyr fans, in Eddies take delight,
To place each Object in the faireſt light.
How oft hath my weak Muſe, enraptur'd ſtood
To ſee the Beauties of the Royal Wood.

That

That pleaſing Glade, where Arthur † now does ſtand
With Sword and Target ſeems to guard that Land.
Sends Store of Game from Poacher's artful Snare,
Should Avarice attempt to bring them there.

How baſe the Wretch, who robs that gen'rous Mind,
Whoſe Honour ſtrictly is to good inclin'd;
Who Juſtice bears upon his ample Wing,
His Praiſe more great, than my weak Muſe can ſing.

Beauty to Beauty, I may ſtill compare,
Such is the Beauty of fair Comber-Mere.
Beneath thoſe Shades, ſhould Naiads and Dryads rove,
The Nymphs might find a ſafe Retreat for Love.
While Fawns and Satyrs guard the Groves around,
Profus'd Delights, within theſe Shades abound.
The lovely § Summer-Houſe behold, and Pleaſure's
Muſt ſtill be added to fair Comber-Mere. [there
Plac'd in the Center of a Cop or Iſle,
No Spot's more pleaſing on the Banks of Nile.

The Peacocks next, come in my wond'ring view,
With cack'ling Noiſe appear in gaudy Hue.
The Guiney Hens are chirping here and there,
And the bold Warrior, Hotſpur chanticlear.

Still

† A Statue of King *Arthur*, one of the nine Worthies of the World, See public Records.

§ On a pleaſant Iſland, ſurrounded by the Mere, on which grows ſeveral large Oaks, which affords a beauteous Proſpect.

There each Domeſtic Animal is found,
That's good and uſeful, traverſing the Ground.
Still more Delights conſpicuous do appear,
A noble Park, well ſtock'd with Fallow Deer,
Who nibbl'ing graze upon each verdant Lawn,
Each nimble Hind, the mottled Doe and Fawn.
The Flocks promiſc'ous ſcatter o'er the Plains,
United are, like plebeian Nymphs and Swains.
As I paſs on along the crooked Way,
The ſportive Nymphs are buſy at the Hay;
With Prong or Rake, behold how briſk they paſs,
To cock or windrow, the lopt Swarths of Graſs:
The ruſtic Throng, encircled round are ſeen,
Each tow'ring Cock, to deck the new mown Green.
Here Innocence, doth true Contentment bring,
Their Toil's a Pleaſure, while they work and ſing.
Whilſt *Phœbus* rays, are ſcatter'd here and there:
There's ſtill a Luſtre ſhines at *Combermere*.

When *Autumn*'s paſt, on the enamell'd Green,
The noble Sportſmen, then abroad are ſeen;
The Hounds in Cry, they hunt and chace poor Puſs,
Who curving runs, or pants in Brake or Buſh.
The joyous Sportſmen, then in full Career,
E'ing emulous, paſs on, no Danger fear;
True Mirth delightful to that noble Mind,
Who's ever gen'rous to each halting Hind.
How oft thoſe Courſers, I've beheld with Glee,
Deſirous too, to ſhare their Company:

But

But Oh, Alaſs! Fortune doth wreak her Spight,
No Moment can I ſpare for ſuch Delight;
Or gladly o'er the ſpacious Lawns I'd roam,
And leave at once domeſtic Care at Home.
Tho' Fortune frowns, I can't with hold my Pen,
'Tis an Amuſement for me now and then:
The more I labour, more and more I ſing,
Altho' a Peaſant, happy as a King.
I've roll'd about my artleſs muſing Sphere,
To ſing the Beauties of fair *Combermere*;
So pardon a poor landleſs, pining Boor,
Who takes Delight to ſcribble ſomething more.

ANTIS.

# ANTISTHENS AND DIOGENES. A SATYR.

*Inſcribed to all Lovers of True* SCIENCE.

CRITICKS like you, could I direct my Pen,
I'd write the Lives of all ingenious Men,
Who have appear'd, and taught in Days of Yore,
Fam'd *Ariſtotle*, *Strato*, many more:
Each Sage well taught in Philoſophic Rules,
Worth Imitation, of our modern Schools.
They not for Gain, but Virtue's Cauſe did teach,
Nor aim'd at all, that came within their Reach:
But taught their Pupils with the greateſt Care,
And gave them Knowledge, each an equal Share.
Nor would they keep their Pupils in Suſpence,
If they were not ſupply'd with ill-got Pence.
As many of our modern teachers cry,
*No longer pipe, no longer dance, not I.*

MONEY, that curſed Oracle of Vice,
Fill'd in long Bags wo'nt Niggard's Souls ſuffice;
That Man that hath, an avaricious Mind,
Virtue diſdains, no Happineſs can find:
To gratitude, he always bids adieu,
Like old * *John Overs* if the Tale be true,
Who liv'd and dy'd in Miſery and Shame.
Such † Uſurers, are ſurely much to blame.

To

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* See a Pamphlet, printed for *Harris* intitled, "The true Hiſtory of the Life and ſudden Death of old *John Overs*, the rich Ferry-Man of *London*, and of his Daughter *Mary*."

† The ſame Pamphlet gives the following Account of the Death of this miſerable Miſer, which perhaps may be pleaſing to ſome Readers. It reports of him, that in his Life-Time, he would ſcarce allow his Apprentices, Servants, or any of his Family, ſufficient Suſtenance to keep them alive, and in Order to ſave Charges, he counterfeited himſelf to be Sick, and the next Day to die, and his Body to be laid out, which Direction he had given to his Daughter who obey'd and wrap'd him up in a Sheet, ſtretch'd out at full Length, with a Candle burning, one at his Head, and another at his Feet; which News was ſoon brought to his Apprentices and Servants, who inſtead of mourning, as he expected they ſhould, rejoiced, and being almoſt hunger ſtarved, came to ſee the joyful Spectacle, and believing he was dead, began to ſkip and dance about the Corpſe, and ſoon began to eat and drink at no Allowance. The old Man perceiving ſuch Waſte, lay quaking in the Sheet 'till he could bear it no longer, got up wrapt in his Sheet like a Ghoſt, with a Candle in each Hand, and began to rate'm for their Saucineſs and Boldneſs, when one of them in great Amaze, thinking it was the Devil in his Likeneſs, took the But End of a broken Oar, and ſtruck out the old Man's Brains. So the Miſer who had counterfeited Death was kill'd in Earneſt.

The Author of the Pamphlet ſuppoſes this to be a true Story, but

To rob their Country, rob the Poor and cheat,
A Gibbet ought to be their laſt Retreat.
Some Men indeed, are puſt and ſwell'd with Pride,
Mere Foppingtons, all Decency deride,
Should ſome ſalute them with an humble Bow,
Until they burſt, they'll heave in ſcornful ſhow.
Flouting inſipid, are their Ways and Mien,
Many ſuch Foplings now a Days are ſeen.

But 'twas not ſo, in the *Olympiad* Years,
As by *Antiſthenes*'s Life appears.
At *Athens* he with Eloquence did preach,
In *Cynoſarges* did his Pupils teach:
To Riches he was always quite reverſe,
Pride, Levity, Self-Intereſt, Covetiouſneſs,
Did always their Accomplices deteſt,
The baſe Uſurpers of Content and Reſt.
No coſtly Raiment, Money in his Bags,
But rather chooſed to remain in Rags.
In coſtly Food, he never took Delight,
To ſatisfy a luſtful Appetite.
E'en to a Fault, he went ſo mean and poor,
Like Beggar-Man, who halts from Door to Door.
His Beard grown long, a Wallet on his Back,
A Staff in Hand, was all the Sage did lack.

The

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but be as it will, *Men* 'are too apt to run to great Extremes and ſhorten their Days, either by Exceſs of high Life or Miſerableneſs, or as *Tantalus* repreſents a Miſer ſtarving in the midſt of Plenty or the *Bacchanalian* dying with the Flaggon in his Hand.

The Truth of Science, would to each transfer,
And liv'd and dy'd a wiſe Philoſopher.
Like to this Cynic, who on Earth can find,
A Man that bears ſuch principle of Mind.
Who will refuſe a thouſand Pound or more,
Or half the Riches of an *Indian* Shore,
No, no, not one, look all the Globe around,
That will look back, when ſomething's to be found.

SHOULD now our wiſe *Philoſophers* appear,
In Rags and Tatters, as the Cynics were;
And were poſſeſs'd of Eloquence and Skill,
Each Art and Science to perform at Will;
Few *Pupils* then would ſtudy from their Rules,
But call them Mad-Men, mark them all for Fools.
Should they but read, their Lectures deep and long,
Laughter and Hiſſing would poſſeſs the Throng.

SHOULD ſome *Pretender* daub'd in Lace appear,
And ſay he can the Sciences ſet clear;
*Pupils* he'd have, his Academy full,
Tho' Artleſs *Science* doth infeſt his Scull.
Teaches falſe Rules, and on them makes a prey,
With ſharp Extortion, laughing goes his Way.
Like to the † Bottle-Conjurer deceives,
Seizes their Caſh, his Academy leaves.

Some

† An Impoſter, who on *January*, 16th, 1749, pretended to ſhew at the New Theatre in the *Hay-Market* the following Impoſibilities, as in

Some Men believe, but they believe in vain,
That Necromancy will appear again,
Upon the Stage, their Sentiments beguile;
How do I laugh, the Fancy makes me ſmile.
To think that People will not grow more wiſe,
But ſay they ſhall by falſe Inſtructions riſe,
Be elevated, and Mount Science climb,
Aſcend the Summit in ſmall Space of Time.

Genius 'tis thou, that muſt ſuch Bleſſings pour,
Into Man's Thoughts, Sublimity to ſoar.
And like the Cynic, take ſome lofty Seat,
'Tis not fine Rags, will make him truly great.

This we may learn from *Diogenes*'s Caſe.
Another Cynic of *Synopian* Race.
To Oddities peculiar, would ſeem ſtrange,
From his own Ways, no Man could him eſtrange.
*Diogenes* from *Paphlagonia* came,
His Dreſs like *Antiſthenes*, much the ſame.
No gaudy uſeleſs Furniture he kept,
But Wooden Tub, in which he taught and ſlept.
Bowl, Wallet, Staff, were all the Sage did greet,
Barefoot he went, no Sandalls on his Feet.

When

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jumping into a Quart Bottle, and ſinging in the ſame, when in the Hands of any Gentleman. And to ſhew any Gentleman or Lady their deceas'd Friends for ſeveral Generations. A prodigious Concourſe of People of all Degrees aſſembled at the Theatre, but before the Performance, the Conjuror vaniſh'd away with the *Bank*, and all was put to Confuſion.

When *Alexander*, Conq'ror of the World,
Who mighty Cities, Ramparts down had hurl'd,
Into Confuſion, came to ſee the Sage,
Confin'd in Tub, like Bird confin'd in Cage
Amazement ſeiz'd him in his gilded Car,
To ſee the odd, but wiſe Philoſopher.
Enraptur'd ſays, "Behold I plainly ſee,
"*Diogenes* more happy is than me.
"I have gain'd Trophies from my trembling Foes,
"But he wants nothing, nothing has to loſe."
The Conq'ror ſaw, that all his boaſted Power,
His Riches pouring in a Golden Shower,
Could not ſuch Happineſs unto him give,
As he attain'd, who in a Tub did live.

This may be term'd a curious Simile,
To him that is endow'd with Conſtancy.
And hath a Genius free from Pomp or Show,
Kind Providence, more Bleſſings can beſtow.
*Diogenes* poſſeſs'd great Eloquence,
Language delightful, both in Mood and Tenſe.
Such Power o'er Man did his Oration caſt,
Contending Heros did ſubmit at laſt,
Who heard him ſpeak, Diſciples came to be,
*Oneſicritus*——many ſuch as he,
Became his Pupils, did upon him wait,
Knowledge to gain, to make them good and great.
Tho' this wiſe Sage, had all Things to his Mind,
Yet was not free from Detriment we find.

For on a Voyage to *Egina*'s Iſle,
Pirates they ſeiz'd him, kept him in Exile.
And being aſked by (this Savage Race)
The common Cryer, in the Market-Place.
" What he could do?" The Cynic did reply,
" Command Mankind. Who will a Maſter buy?"
*Xeniades*, then purchas'd him we hear,
To be Preceptor to his Children dear.
As *Tully* writes, when near his End he ſaid,
" Don't bury me, I'll on the Ground be laid."
And being aſk'd, " Why thus expos'd he'd be,
" The Monſters, and the croaking Raven's Prey?
His Anſwer was, " becauſe you place my Staff,
" Cloſe by my Side that I may drive them off.
" How'll you do that? his loving Friend did ſay,
" When you lie ſenſeleſs like a Clod of Clay.
" And Life is gone? The Cynic quick replies,
" No Matter how my worthleſs Carcaſe lies.
" To be corrupted; if the Soul be free,
" Lodg'd in the Hands of ſome kind Deity."
When Death releas'd th' ingenious honeſt Sage
To range in Joys above this worldly Stage,
Unto his Memory a glorious Tomb
Erected was, in th' Iſthmus' ſacred Dome.

FROM this wiſe Cynic, we behold and ſee,
Strange Flights of Fancy, with an Odity.
But none (as *Jerom* ſays) has left behind,
A brighter Precedent to all Mankind,
Of Temperance, with Virtue cloſely join'd.

And ſhould our Moderns copy from his Ways,
Be not ambitious, uſhering Self-praiſe
Into the World,——or quibbling Tales deviſe,
T' impoſe upon the Publick by their Lies.
How pleas'd would be that Genius who can pry,
And ſcan the Truth of ſound Philoſophy.
To give Inſtruction to th' unpoliſh'd Youth,
Who is aſſiduous in the Search of Truth.
*Minerva*'s Pupils would not walk in doubt,
Like ſome Uſurpers, making nothing out.

But ſtop my Muſe,——let it be underſtood,
That to be happy's, to be truly good.

# BUNCH HESPERUS:

OR,

# The MOCK-ARTIST.

## A Burleſque Poem.

*The ARGUMENT.*

Since Superſtition hath no Bounds,
But takes her abſur'd Midnight Rounds;
To Blindfold all the vulgar Race,
Who eagerly will her embrace:
I've ſeiz'd my Pen, and for a While,
Muſt her explore in Burleſque Stile;
That Man by her may not be brought,
From what is good to what is naught.

KIND Readers, candidly excuſe,
The artleſs Lays of a weak Muſe,
Whoſe Pen's unpoliſh'd, rough the Theme,
Diverſify'd in each Extreme,
Altho' in dark calig'nous Strain,
My Verſe appears no Laurels gain:
Yet Flights of Fancy may be got,
And uſher'd from a Peaſant's Cot.

HAIL

HAIL *Terpſichore*, come down with Speed.
And tune my Pipe of Oaten Reed;
Or help to ſtring my artleſs Lyre,
Tho' buoy'd not with poetic Fire:
Yet by the Muſes Aid I'll ſing,
And draw my Bow, let go the String.

BUT to the Subject now in Hand:
There dwells within fair *Albion*'s Land,
An anti-fam'd Aſtrologer,
He's deem'd by moſt a Conjurer.
Writes ſoothing Tales, and Knicks and Knacks,
He ſays he can make Almanacks.
Can outdo *Partridge*, *Wing or Moor*,
And the fam'd Artiſt *Robin Poor*.

FROM *Jaſper Bunch*, the Muſe muſt ſtile,
Him *Bunch Heſperus* for a While.
To trace the Hero from his Cradle,
It may be thought I deal in Fable.
Of *Gipſey* Breed, obſcurely bred,
Was *Bunch Heſperus* as 'tis ſaid;
Born in a Cot of two per Annum,
Old Mother *Bunch* was his great Grannum
Of Fortune Hunters gain'd great Knowledge,
Train'd up in Arts, at Gypſy's Colledge:
In philoſophic Rules and Action,
Pretended to great Calefaction:
But callow was his magic Brain,
Small Knowledge did in Science gain.

Of which Pretenders only boaſt,
The Bane of a deluding Hoſt;
Deceive, and think their Ways are right,
As *Romiſh Gladiators* fight.
Such Trickſters, impious and baſe,
The wicked Bane of human Race;
Are culpable of groſs Deceit:
Aboliſhment deſerve to meet.
As *Theodoret* caus'd to be;
With *Oſtrogoths* in *Italy*.
Their Divertiſements made to ceaſe,
And Gladiators put to Peace.

But to the Hero of my Muſe,
Who all intriguing Schemes purſues.
This *Bunch Heſperus* as we find,
Was previous to ſtrange Acts of Mind;
Self-Int'reſt was his chiefeſt View,
Might vie with *Bamfield-Moor-Carew*.
The *Gypſey*, King of *Devonſhire*,
Who play'd his Anty-Tricks ſo rare;
Ludibr'ouſly *Heſperus* ſpent,
His youthful Years, being indolent.
Lacivious, was his Ways and Mein,
('Tis ſaid turn'd *Sodomite* for Gain.)
To act dibolical thought fit,
And term'd a briſk mercurial Wit.
By Country Shepherds, far and near,
Conſulted was this 'Strologer.

By Spells, he robs them of their Rights,
Like *Jocobins* or *Carmelites*.
Thoſe * Mendicants of *Rome* who taſk,
And rob the Poor, have all they aſk.
*Cordeliers*, *Auguſtines*, *Mimines*,
The *Recolects*, and *Capuchines*:
But to make known this learnleſs Boor,
His Education to explore.
*Bunch Heſperus* could read indeed,
And write a Hand, but few could read;
His Friends, old *Roderick*, *Jerry Dickim*
Says, " None can caſt a Figure like him. "
Thus Ignorance, thro' ſoothing Lies,
Thinks that an *Ynca* might him prize.

His Advertiſements thus they ran,
" That Numbers he full well could ſcan,
" Was ſkill'd in drawing, Likes and Angles,
" With Squares and ſuch like Nook Quadrangles:
" Crooked or ſtraight, could draw at Pleaſure,
" Circles in Circles, empty Meaſure. "
He ſays to make his Fame reſound,
His Spirals run continual round,
In curving Order; ſenſeleſs Notion,
To find out the perpetual Motion.
The Longitude, he'll clear from doubt.
This Ninny thinks to make it out.

*Orfyreus*

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* See *Pardon's* Dictionary under this Article.

*Orfyreus*'s * Wheel, or *Irwin*'s † Chair,
*Harriſon*'s ‡ Watch muſt have no ſhare:
But *Bunch Heſperus* is the Man,
Will have the § Prize do all they can.
Says ſelf Conceit, and ſtruts about,
"What is there, but he can make out?"
And ſtill to make a Noiſe and Pother,
Draws Rumbs a top of one another.
*Mercater*'s Chart pretends to mend,
With ev'ry Artiſt will contend.
In 'Stronomy, the Sphere divide,
The concave Sky, and all beſide.
Tho' numberleſs, the Stars can count,
And in a moment find th' Amount.
Predicts by lunar Heroſcope,
Nativities, with matchleſs Cope,
Which never happened, ne'er will be,
Albertus magnus, like is he,
Truth without Reaſon, ſeems to maul,
And bant'ring writes ſatyrical,
Like || Cobler *Paſquin* in his Stall.

Of

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* See a Letter from Profeſſor *S. Graveſande* to Sir *Iſaac Newton*, concerning Orfyreus's Wheel, in the Univerſal Muſeum for Auguſt 1763.

† Invented by Mr. *Irwin* of Ireland, to obſerve the Times of the Eclipſes of Jupiter's Satelites at Sea, by ſuſpending the Chair Perpendicular in a ſhip.

‡ See

Of partile Aſpects mock Oration,
Deceives Mankind by Obumbration.
Each Planet's Motion hath not miſs'd him,
But overturns *Copernic*'s Syſtem.
And doth oppugn without controul,
Fam'd *Newton*'s Fabric of the Whole;
With fallacious Paralogiſm,
He deals in Sophiſtry and Schiſm.

(Such falſe Impoſtors, void of Merit,
*Minerva*'s Sons can't diſinherit:
Nor all their empty Boaſt uncouth,
O'erturn the Scale of limpid Truth.
If once attack'd by Friends to Science,
Who with ſound Truth keep cloſe Alliance;
No *Scioliſt* dare them encounter,
With all their Nugatory Banter.
How happy is the Tyro when
Pure ſolid Reaſon guides his Pen.)

Go on weak Muſe, with feeble Lay,
The Hero's Talents to diſplay.
But firſt his Perſonal Shape and Mien,
May properly in Verſe be ſeen,

*Bunch*

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‡ See two Pamphlets lately publiſhed, relative to Mr *Harriſon*'s Diſcovery of the Longitude at Sea, &c.

§ Promiſed by Act of Parliament.

‖ A Cobler, who lodg'd near the Palace of the Urſines, at Rome, about the begining of the 15th Centry, who was a perſon of a ready bantering, ſatyrical Wit.

*Bunch* was it ſeems of middle Size,
An *Arthur*'s Head, with glaring Eyes.
Tho' brainleſs as the Head of Punch,
Round-ſhoulder'd, on his Back a Hunch.
Which made his Figure ſomething odd,
Diſplay'd with motionary Nod.
Like *Noctiluca* ſtrives to ſhine,
While nom'nal Schemes his Thoughts entwine.
Not real but imaginary,
And to impoſe on *Hugh* and *Mary*.
So now his necromancing Art,
I ſhall endeavour to impart.
How he diſplays his Tricks and Jokes,
A quibbling Ninny, *Jack a Nokes*.
He rang'd about, like Country Quack,
With Budget, or ſuch like Knapſack,
Placed upon his humped Back.
With *Maudlin* who he calls his Bride,
Tho' ne'er by *Hymen*'s Bands were ty'd;
For o'er the Beeſom, as they ſay,
They jumped on their Wedding Day.
To make the Marriage Rites ſecure,
Three Times won't do, for they jump'd four.
In Palmiſtry exert their Art,
Their canting Language to impart;
For famous Fortunetellers paſs,
Deceive each Country Swain and Laſs:
The Croſſes in the Hand they trace,
The Lines and Wrinkles in the Face.

Each

Each pretty Nymph they put in Mind,
When *Damon*, *Strephon* will prove kind.
By Angles do pretend to ſhew,
When Apron Strings will ſhorter grow.
Should *Phillis* be to Lewdneſs led,
Or *Suſan* loſe her Maidenhead.
Or tim'rous *Cicely*, be betray'd,
By ſome falſe perjur'd puff'd up Blade.
Or wanton Coquette lie along,
Curſing her Fate. in partial Song.
Becauſe *Tom Clincher* proves unkind,
Hath won her Charms, her Thoughts, and Mind.
And fled unto young *Myra*'s Arms,
In Hopes likewiſe to gain her Charms.
To trick each Charmer's not afraid,
My Lady, or my Lady's Maid.
To pick their Pockets, hath a Charm,
To keep his conſcious Boſom warm.
And further to diſplay his Art,
In Lewdneſs acts a Counter-part.
For ſhould ſome loſt forſaken *Maid*,
Who ſome baſe Shepherd hath betray'd,
Come to him to confeſs her *Sin*,
With Belly grown up to her Chin.
He tells her wanton filthy Tales,
And with th' deſpairing Nymph prevails.
To lie with him, with open Arms,
To ſhare the *Spoils* of her loſt Charms.
Such Counſel gives th' unthinking ſhe,
Urg'd with Deceit and Calumny.

And tells perhaps ſome heavy Sentence,
To bring the Fair one to Repentance.
Which may perhaps more direful be,
And bring her to the fatal Tree.

(Thus baſe Impoſtors do infeſt,
More horrid Trouble in the Breaſt.
To ruin ſpotleſs Innocence,
And make a Prey of Ignorance.
For when they're on the Brink of Shame,
They're tumbled headlong in the Stream.
And plung'd in that infernal Lake,
No more terreſtrial Joys partake.
Their Conſcience rack'd with fiery Spleen,
A conſtant Burning there is ſeen.
Self-Torment doth in Sparkles ſwerve,
From ev'ry Vein, and ev'ry Nerve.)

At the Demiſe of ancient Sire,
*Bunch* to his Cottage doth retire;
Then he commences choolmaſter,
Palmiſter and Aſtrologer.
Pupils he gets who come to School,
To learn from Aſtrologic Rule,
Nonſenſe in Scientific Strain,
*Bunch* uſhers to each Village, Swain.
Who do believe, think none ſurpaſs,
His Education in each Claſs.
A Conjuror he's deem'd by all,
By *Humphry*, *Richard*, *Ralph*, and *Paul*.

Nay

Nay *Simon Simple*, ſilly Swain,
Seems to revere his very Name.
Prognoſtications now abound,
He turns the Wheel of Fortune round,
He ſays he's ſtudied much from Books,
With Shepherds leaning on their Crooks.
Books which are bookleſs, ſuch may know,
The Shepherd's Kalendar or ſo.
To make Remarks, and note the Weather,
When Rain and Sunſhine meet together,
Or when the Clouds, who wav'ring range,
Will to Obnubilation change.
When he eſpies the Weather Gage,
Th' Event that follows he'll preſage.
Should Tit but towards it turn his Tail,
To bring a dowſing Shower of Hail,
To freſco o'er the chequer'd Lawn,
And make the Hind forſake the Fawn,
Who fleeting go, or ſwarm together,
To ſhew it muſt be ſnowy Weather.

When Ice in Icles doth hang round
His Cot,——In Bed he's moſtly found.
And counſels thus his Neighbour *Randle*,
The beſt Way to ſave Fire and Candle.
By Ophthalmoſcopy, deſcries,
Each Perſon's Humours by their Eyes.
Pretends to ſhew each pretty Laſs,
Her Lover's Phiſog' in a Glaſs.

Knows

Knows Hocus Pocus to a Hair,
His Whim-Wham Magic to declare.
Such mad Vagaries doth explain,
To help Men to their Goods again.
Diſplays his Quibbles moſt expert;
No Thief-catcher is ſo alert.

More of his Pranks, I muſt explore,
Before my tingling Muſe gives o'er.
As Farmer *Glebe* the other Day,
Was trudging in the Mire and Clay;
A Thought occurred to his Mind,
To go to *Bunch*, in Hopes to find
Some Method out, to keep his Wife
Right chaſte and pure, for Term of Life.
That ſhe may not defile his Bed,
Nor graft upon his Pye-bald Head,
A luſty Pair of Cuckold's Horns,
To hyke againſt the Briers and Thorns.
So now in agitated Pain,
To *Bunch* he rambles o'er the Plain.
When he came to the Conjuror's Door,
He knock'd and hammer'd o'er and o'er.
At laſt the 'Strologer appear'd,
When at the Door the Farmer rear'd.
The Conjuror open'd it with Speed,
The Farmer tumbled down indeed;
Which made poor Clodpole now to ſwear,
"I've cruſh'd my Corns I do declare."

*Bunch*

*Bnnch* aſk'd his Buſineſs then in haſte,
He ſaid, " I fear my Wife's unchaſte:
If that ſhe be, pray let me know,
I'll pay you well before I go."
The Conjuror ſeem'd at a Stand,
Then wav'd around his Magic Wand,
Staring, as if his Eyes would burſt,
Replied, " Muſt I delare the worſt."
" Yea, yea, the Farmer then did ſay,
Declare to me the Truth I pray."
Why then ſays *Bunch*, " I plainly ſee,
A Cuckold you are prone to be.
Your Neighbour doth ſupply your Place,
Partaker of your Wife's embrace."
Theſe Words made *Glebe* look pale and lean,
Refractory, his Looks were then.
Gave *Bunch* his Fee, then ſtraight did part,
And trudged home with aching Heart.
Contentment now could ne'er attain,
Nor think well of his Wife again.
Nor could he lenify his Rage,
The burning in his Breaſt aſſwage.
But lives in melancholly State,
And ſometimes looks like one lymphate.
The Sight of Women bears with Pain,
Queen *Mab*, and all her ſlattern Train.
Are ſtriving to conſole his Grief,
Why he diſlikes ſo good a Wife?
But ſtill he doth diſlike them more,
And cries, " Begone each dirty Whore.

(By baſe Impoſtors now we ſee,
The Farmer's ſtruck with Enmity.
Believes the Lies th' Conjuror told,
The wicked Tales he did unfold;
And lives a wild deſpairing Life,
While Sophiſtry bewrays his Wife,
Who may be honeſt, juſt, and pure,
For ought he knows, or th' Conjuror.
So falſe imaginary Thought,
Deceives Mankind, turns good to nought:
Black Jealouſy, makes great Invaſion,
And ſeizes Man without Occaſion.)

Again, a Miſer as we hear,
Who hoarded up vaſt Sums with Care,
With Gold and Silver fill'd his Bags,
Scarcely allowing Food and Rags:
Proper Neceſſaries of Life,
Unto himſelf, Children, or Wife.
So avaritious, niggardly,
He's ſubject to Miſogamy,
To curſe his Wife and Family:
Becauſe he thinks they waſte his Chink:
Are over-gorg'd with Meat and Drink.
Tho' meagre, thin, look Wife and all,
Like Skeletons at Surgeon's Hall.
To ſee the Miſer you'd ſcarce know,
Whether he be a Man or no.
His Dreſs is moſtly made of Noggs,
All Rent-Holes in a Pair of Clogs.

His

His Bones appear ſo ſharp and thin,
Huge Hillocks ſtart within his Skin.
He labours like th' induſtrious Ant,
Yet looks as if he'd die for want.
His Iron Heart, makes Hell on Earth,
What muſt he look for after Death?
He had a Noggin as they ſay,
In which ſome mouldy Silver lay.
His Wife ſhe being ſhort of Pence,
One Day, a Trifle took from thence:
But ſoon the Miſer went to count,
And found 'twas ſhort of the Amount.
Thieves, Thieves, he cry'd, Thieves have been here,
And ſcratch'd, and pull'd his long lank Hair.
Like a Fanatic, ſhook his Head,
And fum'd like one that's raving mad.
Without a Horſe, to th' Conj'ror toils,
Who liv'd at Diſtance twenty Miles.
When he came there he did explore,
To *Bunch Heſperus* o'er and o'er;
How that his Money it was ſtole,
One Part by Thieves, but not the whole.

Bunch ſaid, "You need no more complain,
"I'll help you to your Caſh again.
"But firſt I muſt be palm'd e'er I,
"Can write one Word of Nomancy."
The Miſer then from dirty Clout,
A crooked Sixpence did pull out.

And gave it *Bunch* with murm'ring Groan,
Hoping he'd ſomething back return.
The Conjuror ſaid, " I'd have you know,
" So ſmall a Trifle will not do.
" Therefore old Friend hear what I ſay,
" A Crown, no leſs, you have to pay."
The Miſer ſcrub'd, did moody look,
His Lips they wagg'd from Nook to Nook.
Counting his Sterling o'er and o'er,
Which juſt made Nine-pence Farthing more.
Then gave it *Bunch*, and ſaid, " You ſee,
" I have no more, pray pity me."
The Conj'ror ſeeing that was all,
He took it, tho' the Sum was ſmall;
Put on an Aſpect fierce and grim,
His Wand diſplay'd in Magic Whim.
The Miſer trembled much through Fear,
He thought the Devil muſt appear.
At laſt the Conj'ror went to write,
Which did the Miſer more affright.

Just in this Interval we find,
*Maudlin* ſlipt thro' a Door behind;
As ſhe appear'd, the *Miſer* fell,
Thought *Lucifer* was come from Hell;
To hurry him with haſte away,
He cries, " good Conj'ror ſave me pray."
Don't fear ſays *Bunch*, " for by my Spell,
" The Devil I can manage well.

" Riſe

" Riſe up, I ſtraight will write a Charm,
" To bring your Caſh,——A Guard from Harm."
On Parchment, Characters did fix,
With Nooks all round it, ſome ſay ſix.
This is a Charm, " Quoth *Bunch* you'll ſee,
" That ſhall bring back all your Money;
" Then take it and go home in haſte,
" And in your Chimney there it place;
" Upon the Swill-Pole——it is beſt,
" To turn three Times towards the Eaſt."

The Miſer took it, made a Bow,
But 'twas in clumſy forbid Shew;
Then trudged home, thro' thick and thin,
In Hopes to have his Caſh again.

He plac'd the Charm as was directed,
The Conjuration was inſpected,
By Wife, who was in Fear and Pain,
Thinks beſt to bring the Caſh again.
And as the Parchment hung to dry,
To reech and ſmoak in the Chimney;
She to the Noggin did repair,
For Fear the Devil ſhould come there.
When *Morpheus* clos'd the Miſer's Eye,
In puts the Silver privately.
Then in the Morning as we hear,
E'er *Phæbus*'s Rays were ſeen t'appear;
The Miſer to his Noggin went,
And found his Caſh, the whole Amount.

B'ing joyful, ſeem'd to hug himſelf,
'Cauſe he had found his ill-got Pelf,
I mean the Bane, his ſecond Self.
As this got Wind, *Bunch* was eſteem'd,
A famous Conjuror was deem'd;
By all the Ruſtics of the Plain,
The Country 'Squire, and Cottage Swain.

(We plainly ſee and may behold,
How ſome Men glory in their Gold.
How rotten and corrupted are,
The Miſer's Schemes, the Bane of Care.
His griple Mind is ne'er content,
If in a Mint of Gold he's pent;
But Covetouſneſs his Thoughts controul,
To bring Damnation to his Soul.
And yet his avaritious Will,
Like *Pharoah*'s Heart is harden'd ſtill.
Should Charity come near his Door,
She's puſh'd away and tumbled o'er;
Or trod upon, ſhould ſhe not fly,
From that pale Viſage, Uſury.
What Phantom Thoughts excite the Mind,
When Ignorance ſtirs with the Wind!
The Miſer's Wife, e'en for her Part,
Believes the Conj'ror's wicked Art.
Depreſs'd with Fear, returns in Pain,
The Trifle from the Noggin ta'en.)
Yet ſomething more of *Bunch*'s Fame,
Redoubled ſtill in flighting Strain.

I muſt

I muſt expreſs, e'er my weak Muſe,
Can end, tho' may be thoughr profuſe.
Within a Village in a Cot,
A happy Pair together got;
Who liv'd ſecure from jarring Noiſe,
Contagion, which true Love deſtroys:
Liv'd many Years from fractious Pother,
In happy Union with each other:
Like *Darby* and his *Joan* have ſat,
In Sunſhine at the Door to chat.
Or ſhould it be cold Winter Weather,
Sat tattling by the Fire together.
No Words but Peace, adorn'd their Cell,
Would Pipe and Smoke, all Things were well.
Had juſt enough deſir'd no more,
To keep the greedy Wolf from Door.
In Years advanc'd to a great Age,
They liv'd; but mark what did preſage.

When *Momus* govern'd o'er the Plain,
Triumphant o'er *Morpheus* Train:
Old *Darby* ſo I ſhall him call,
Dreamed a Dream myſterical;
Which ſorely did torment his Thought,
Bewilder'd in a Trap was caught.
His Love towards old *Joan* grew cool,
Inſtead of Dear, oft call'd her Fool;
Which made old *Joan* much to admire,
What Cauſe produc'd her Huſband's Ire.

But ſtill old *Darby*'s Thoughts are rack'd,
Believes 'tis Cuckoldom in Fact.
For by his Dream he thinks appears,
Two growing Horns above the Ears;
Which are the Product of much Pain,
So in a Lab'rinth he is ta'en.
The Subject of his Dream thus ran,
" He thought he ſaw a Gentleman,
" Walking with *Joan* by a Wood Side,
" With Arms around, extended wide.
" They ſeem'd to walk within the Wood,
" Whilſt *Darby* at a Diſtance ſtood,
" Upon a Precipice which he
" Deſcending, found Difficulty.
" As he comes on there ſeems to riſe,
" A mighty Fog before his Eyes,
" A Raven near him ſeem'd to fly,
" Foretelling ſome bad Deſtiny;
" Flies in the Wood, around doth croak,
" He ſees them vaniſh all in Smoke.
" When lo! a Whirlwind did ariſe,
" Which lifted *Darby* to the Skies.
" Then in a Fright, he wakes in Fear,
" Amazement ſtrange, ſeizes him there."

Soon after to augment his Fear,
A ſecond Dream proves more ſevere.
When in the Morning he awakes,
In Bed with *Joan*, old *Darby* quakes.

Invet'rate

Invet'rate now, his Tongue not idle,
From Imprecations cannot bridle.
Can call his Wife but little more,
Than Trott, or an old Brimſtone Whore.
The Vapours do old *Darby* haunt,
He raving fumes, like *John of Gaunt*.

He dreams "That near a purling Rill,
Cloſe by a vaſt ſtupend'ous Hill,
Whoſe Vortex mounted to the Clouds,
Embraced round with Ivy Shrouds.
Fatigu'd he walk'd, ſlow was his Rate,
'Till he came to a ſpacious Gate;
Where ſtood a Porter, old and low,
With Beard and Hair as white as Snow,
Who ſaid, *Stop Wand'rer let me ſee,*
*If thou art free from Enmity.*
Then wrung his Hands, in hollow Tone,
He wept and for him ſeem'd to mourn.
Then turned *Darby* on his Way,
A Path which look'd moſt fine and gay.
He travers'd into an Alcove,
Which ſeem'd a beauteous Place for Love.
Then ſtraight a Nundam he did ſee,
With *Damon* ſleeping on her Knee.
Not being ſeen, 'twas his Intent,
To watch and ſee the whole Event.
Then down he lay beneath ſome Trees,
Which ſeem'd to wave with gentle Breeze.

When in a Moment Alcove, all,
Was metamorphos'd to a Hall;
The Grove, the Trees, near which he lay,
Like *Jona*'s Gourd, wither'd away:
Then ſoon a Bed he thought he ſaw,
Where Curtains round it ſeem'd to draw;
Then heard a Voice immediately,
" Thy Wife's unchaſte, thou here may'ſt ſee."

*Darby* to mitigate his Woes,
Next Morning to the Parſon goes,
There tells his Dreams, the Parſon ſtares,
Will have no Hand in ſuch Affairs.
Then back comes humming mournful Song,
To *Bunch Heſperus* halts along;
To *Bunch* unravels the Affair,
Th' Interpretation to ſet clear.
*Bunch* ſays, " I'll ſtrive with all my Might,
" To put Things in the faireſt Light,
" As *Daniel* told *Nebuchadnezzer*,
" Or the great *Cyprian* King, *Belthazer*:
" Therefore old Uncle, ſit you down,
" If you're a Cuckold never frown:
" For ev'ry Huſband now a Days,
" Submits to wear the Cuckold's Bays."
So this was all old *Darby* got,
Goes home, bemoans his deſtin'd Lot,
Contentment then deſerts his Cot.
For ever after as we hear,
This was a moſt unhappy Pair.

Whatever *Bunch* is pleas'd t'affirm,
Is held as Truth in ev'ry Term.

(Old Age thro' baſe deluſive Thought,
Too oft upon the Rack is brought;
No criminal at th' Inquiſition,
Feels more than *Darby* by Perdition,
The Wheel with all it's horrid Scenes,
Or Victims led in *Spaniſh* Chains:
Or pale viz'd Executioner,
Hauling along the Sledge and Car,
Cannot the upright Soul affright,
When heavenly Bliſs his Thoughts unite.)

*Bunch* by his Necromancing Jokes,
Plays Tricks with *John* and *Joan a Nokes*;
And all the Peaſants far and near,
From Clodpole *Ralph*, to Country 'Squire.
His learned Skill ſpreads quite around,
Diſplays Mock-Rhetoric moſt profound,
Pretends to tell when People die,
No papal Prieſt can him out vie.
For laying Spirits in an Urn,
And bringing *Damons* back in Turn.
Should they but haunt his Neighbour'sHouſe,
Affright the Huſband and his Spouſe,
Old Nick pretends to raiſe at Pleaſure,
And ſend him back again by Meaſure.
Strange Pranks he plays, I'll give one more,
And then I'll ſteer my Muſe to Shore.

Sometime ago, as I've been told,
*Roger*, a Swain of Courage bold,
March'd on to *Bunch*, deſir'd to ſee,
The Devil raiſed inſtantly.
" Come bring him out, (bold *Roger* cries,
" I'll ſee him now or loſe my Eyes :
" But Maſter Conj'rer, let him come,
" At a great Diſtance I'll ſay *Mum.*"
*Bunch* now ſubmits to his Requeſt,
And draws a Curve to make him faſt.
*Roger* doth in the Circle ſtand,
And *Bunch Heſperus* waves his Wand,
Which makes the Country Bumpkin ſtare,
To ſcrub his Shoulders, ruff his Hair,
Expecting when the Horns come out,
Or *Nick* will ſhew his muzzled Snout;
When on a ſudden *Maudlin* raps
The Entry-Door, like Thunder-Claps.
Then *Roger* tumbles o'er and o'er,
And cries good Sir, let's ſee no more.
*Nick* in the Entry raps again,
As if the Houſe would rent in twain;
Which ſtrikes young *Hodge* with Fear and Dread,
His Hair ſtands upright on his Head.
Flies off, reſolves to come no more,
Or enter thro' a Conj'rer's Door.
Thus *Bunch Heſperus* doth diſplay,
His joking Art to crown the Day,
And make him proſp'rous in his Way.

Like

Like ſome *Bachanal* o'er his Can,
Self Praiſe makes him a Gentleman:
Like *Panther*, or fierce *Canibal*,
He preys on Man without controul.

(Thus Drunken Sots, will Schemes prepare,
And build their Caſtles in the Air;
Their Thoughts on Fictions Wing's, do fly
Thro' boundleſs Ether's, unknown Sky.
Tho' fetter'd to ſome woeful Bench,
Or rolling in ſome dreary Trench;
Whate'er they ſay, ſo maggy are,
Is categorical they'll ſwear:
So mighty Bacchus doth enſlave,
The vain Pot-Valiant, and the Brave;
To make Men cringe, to ſigh and fret,
When Fumes forſake their ill-caſt Net.
The Sot repents when 'tis too late,
Which may perhaps be *Bunch*'s Fate.
Like *Paul* he'll find it hard to kick,
Againſt the Brier or thorny Prick:
Should Death but touch him with his Dart,
Expoſe the Secrets of his Art.
Quite tir'd my Reader now muſt be,
However take one Simile,
That Sinner who ſpends all his Days,
In Wickedneſs ten thouſand Ways;
Will never 'till his Glaſs is run,
Repent (perhaps) of what he's done.

But

But ſhould he liſp in madding Cry,
" O what a wretched Man am I!
" My Wickedneſs, a ghaſtly Form,
" Surrounds me with tempeſtuous Storm;
" To hurry me where Billows roar,
" From Happineſs that golden Shore,
" No Sailor ſure ſuch Pangs can feel,
" When ſunk beneath his Helm and Keel,
" As I: But huſh, methinks I hear,
" Pale Melancholly cry Diſpair;
" While Hope deſcending like a dove,
" Thro' the etherial Space above,
" And gently pats me with her Wings,
" With ſeeming Pity, thus ſhe ſings:
" *Thou Sinner, I regret thy Fate,*
" *Repent before it is too late.*"

# OLD SIMON.

## A TALE.

OLD *Simon* and *Clarinda* fair,
In *Hymen*'s Bands were ty'd;
And liv'd a happy fondling Pair,
Few like them were beſide.

Tho' *Simon* old and feeble was,
Like one benum'd with Cold;
That he could not embrace the Laſs,
So clumſy and ſo old.

Wrinkled and wither'd did appear,
When in *Clarinda*'s Sight:
But yet this moſt ſurprizing Fair,
In *Simon* took Delight.

Stranger to all thoſe vig'rous Charms,
A youthful Bridegroom gives:
Each Night in Bed old *Simon* warms,
In Union ſhe lives.

Ye blooming Fair, amongſt you all,
Who'd chuſe to be a Bride;

To

To ſuch a fumbling Man as he,
And like *Clarinda* ty'd:

Aud be ſubmiſſive to what's ſaid,
Or pare his Nails and Corns.
Would not you graft upon his Head,
A luſty Pair of Horns?

*Clarinda* had ſuch great Regard,
For this old languid Drone:
She ſung him Sonnets like a Bard,
Seem'd happy with her own.

And when his Exit it was made,
And Death had ſeiz'd her Spouſe,
The dear Remembrance of his Shade,
Haunted *Clarinda*'s Houſe.

I ſhould have ſaid, her Thoughts of Mind,
My Readers they will think,
But I like *Hudibraſs* muſt find,
A rhiming Word to chink.

Uſe Cauſes oft, ſtrange turn of Thought,
As I'll to you relate.
*Clarinda* could not lie without,
A *Simon*, or ſuch Mate.

But yet no Suitors would permit,
To eaſe her throbbing Mind,
Tho' oft *Philander*, ſpruce and neat,
Addreſs'd her as we find.

But ſtill a *Simon* ſhe muſt have,
And for a Carver ſent;
A Wooden Statue he muſt carve,
Her Spouſe to repreſent.

A Wooden *Simon* ſtraight was made,
Complete to her Deſire;
Which every Night in Bed was laid,
And warmed by the Fire.

A Shirt and Night-Cap was put on,
Which *Simon* us'd to wear.
This Effigy, tho' cold as Stone,
Lay by *Clarinda* fair.

*Philander* being an artful Swain,
Did with her Maid prevail.
('Tis oft obſerv'd for worldly Gain,
A leaky Ship will ſail.)

For a few Guineas, *Ruth* gave Way,
To what he did propoſe;
That ſhe *Philander* muſt convey,
To take next Night's Repoſe,

With fair *Clarinda* in diſguiſe,
And throw old *Simon* by:
The crafty Maid his Suit ſupplies,
Permits him there to lie.

When *Phœbus* Rays ſunk in the Weſt,
And Darkneſs veil'd the Night;

*Philander*

*Philander* went to Bed to reſt,
And *Simon* was flung out.

The living Statue now in Bed,
Stirs neither Hands nor Feet;
*Clarinda* lies cloſe by his Side,
T'embrace him thinks it meet.

And when ſhe caſt her Arms around,
As ſhe was wont to do;
Her *Simon* very warm ſhe found,
Had Life and Motion too.

Agre'able Warmth I may it call,
And to your great Surprize;
She was not frighten'd—ſhock'd at all,
But cloſer to him lies.

A living Bedfellow ſhe found,
Her Wooden Punch caſt by;
So in *Philander*'s youthful Arms,
She paſs'd the Night with Joy.

And in the Morning as 'tis ſaid,
A coſtly Feaſt would have;
With various dainty Diſhes made,
Nothing deſir'd to ſave.

Her Maid obeyed her Command,
(The Cook and Scullion went,
To Boil and Roaſt, the Jack went round!
All turn'd to Merriment.

But Fuel being ſcarce and dear,
Exhauſted was their Store;
She told her Miſtreſs the Affair,
To order ſomething more.

Her Miſtreſs, ſmilingly did ſay,
" You may old *Simon* burn;
Ay, burn him, burn him, out I pray,
" Head, Legs, Arms, Feet in Turn.

" For he no more ſhall lie by me,
" Now I've *Philander* got;
" In *Hymen*'s Bands I join'd will be,
" O! happy is my Lot!"

*Philander* and *Clarinda* went,
To Church without Delay;
With Dancing and ſuch Merriment,
They crown'd the Nuptial Day.

This Story may an Emblem be,
Of Conſtancy and Truth;
But now a-days we ſeldom ſee,
Old Age agree with Youth.

# The PEDLAR.

## A TALE.

A *Sopham* * Pedlar dream'd a Dream,
Did ſomething odd appear;
That if to *London* Bridge he came,
Good News he then would hear.

Succeſſively he dreamed on,
For ſev'ral Nights 'tis ſaid;
That he muſt be a Gentleman,
Such Thoughts came in his Head.

The Pedlar thought them ſomething ſtrange,
Could I believe " Quoth he,
" To *London* Bridge I ſtraight would range,
" The Conſequence to ſee."

At laſt he left his Pedling Pack,
Reſolved was to go;
With a ſmall Bundle on his Back,
Juſt like a Rari-ſhow.

* In *Norfolk.*

And

And unto *London* Bridge he went,
There Cypher-like ſtood he,
For ſev'ral Days waiting th' Event,
He did expect to ſee.

A Shopkeeper, a merry Blade,
Seeing the Pedlar ſtand;
So many Days, and have no Trade,
No Ware at his Command.

Not aſking Alms like Beggar-Man,
To him ſeem'd wond'rous odd;
But pauſing, gazing here and there,
With motionary Nod.

The Shopkeeper unto him came,
His Buſineſs to enquire,
The Pedlar ſays, " A fooliſh Dream,
" Good Sir, hath brought me here.

" I dream'd if I to *London* went,
" Good News would be reveal'd,
" And now I'm waiting the Event,
" But nothing's yet unveil'd."

The Tradeſman ſays " Why Countryman,
" Thy Tale's a ſimple Thing:
No Jeſter would believe a Dream,
" That's rais'd on Fiction's Wing.

" For was I ſuch a Fool as thee,
" I might to *Sopham* go,

" But I deteſt ſuch Vanity,
" As fictious Dreams foreſhew.

" Laſt Night myſelf I dream'd a Dream
" Which I will tell to thee,
" That if to *Sopham* Town I came,
" And digg'd under a Tree.

" A mighty Maſs of Treaſure I
Immediately ſhould find:
" A Pot of Money! now my Boy!
" My Pockets might be lin'd.

" A ſhady Oak it did appear,
" Behind a Pedlar's Cot;
" If this was true ſhould I go there,
" This Treaſure might be got.

" But I will not ſuch Journies take,
" To dig and prole in vain:
" For was I to dig twenty Weeks,
" Without might come again.

" So Countryman I'd have thee go,
" Without further Delay:
" For ſtanding here may bring on Woe,
" Go home, no longer ſtay."

The Pedlar he had liſten'd well,
To what the Tradeſman told:
His Story made his Boſom ſwell,
In Hopes t' obtain the Gold.

The whole of all his Tale thinks he,
Concenter'd in himſelf:
Then home he goes to the Oak Tree,
And digs to find the Pelf.

So digging on at laſt he found,
A mighty Maſs of Store:
Which made the Pedlar's Joys abound,
When counting of it o'er.

Soon after *Sopham* Church (they'll ſay)
One Part of it fell down:
He ſoon rebuilt it fine and gay,
To ornament the Town.

So to this Day you there may ſee,
His Statue cut in Stone:
His Pack upon his Back has he,
As when a Pedling gone.

Tradition ſays this Tale is true,
But I was never there:
Or I would to my Readers ſhew,
The Truth of the Affair.

Be as it will, Riches behold,
For ſome great End are given;
Thoſe charitable Stones of Gold,
Will pave the Road to Heaven.

But now a-days, how oft we ſee,
Each Miſer hoarding Wealth;

To bring on endleſs Miſery,
By griping ill-got Pelf.

But when the worthleſs Wretch is gone,
He in Oblivion dies;
The Poor will write on his Grave Stone,
"Here *good-for-nothing* lies."

How bleſt are they who freely part,
With Something to the Poor;
And not to kick with harden'd Heart.
The Beggar from his Door.

Now like the Pedlar, may each Man,
Employ ſome noble Theme;
Their Monument will ſtand upon,
The Sacred Mount of Fame.

When Man is juſt, and truly great,
His Memory will ſtand,
The Teſt of Ages,—in each State,
The Honour of that Land.

So God bleſs ev'ry lib'ral Soul,
Our gracious King and Queen;
May nothing bad their Thoughts controul,
In *George* and *Charlotte*'s Reign.

# DIVES and LAZARUS.

*Being a Paraphraſe on Part of the 16th Chapter of St.* Luke, *from Verſe* 19, *to the End.*

DIVES on this Terreſtrial Sphere was great,
In his Pavillion, lofty was his Seat;
His Purple Robes, moſt curious to behold,
In Cloth of Tiſſue, wove in ſhining Gold.
With ſparkling Di'monds, daily is he crown'd,
Exalted Grandeur turns his Head quite round.
Seems Lord of all, nay more than Lord he'd be!
Says proud Ambition! "He's a Friend to me.
"I'll mount him up, upon a lofty Throne,
"And *Peru*'s Treaſure, all ſhall be his own."

THIS Lord of Grandeur, ſumpt'ouſly did fare,
To have his Dainties was his greateſt Care.
Volupt'ouſneſs, was in his Manſion found,
And ſenſual Pleaſure turn'd the Goblet round.
A Beggar halting, to his Gates came near,
But ſoon he found no Charity was there:
Quite Hunger-ſtarv'd, and full of Sores he lay,
Yet could get nothing, tho' he beg'd all Day.
Not e'en the Crumbs which from his Table fell,
Theſe were deny'd, Oh! cruel Caſe to tell.

Poor *Lazarus* with Want was ſore oppreſt,
But *Dives* feaſts on ev'ry Thing the beſt:
Great Plenty ſhar'd, no more the Beggar's Lot,
Than *Diogenes* * from the Statutes got.

Soon *Laz'rus* dy'd, O bleſſed happy Day!
And Angels good conduct his Soul away,
To *Abr'am*'s Boſom to eternal Reſt,
But *Dives* dies, and he is *Belial*'s Gueſt.
There's nothing there can ſatiate his Deſire,
But burns in Flames of a continual Fire.
Exceſſive Torment on his Conſcience preys,
But Angels *Laz'rus* on their Pinions raiſe.
*Dives*, in Hell's vaſt Abyſs doth eſpy,
The Saint in *Abram*'s Boſom mounted high.
" O Father *Abram!* then the Culprit cries,
Send *Laz'rus* down from thoſe celeſtial Skies,
To dip his Finger in ſome cooling Stream,
And eaſe my Tongue, that's burning in this Flame."

The Holy Pat'rarch to the Culprit ſaid,
" Remember *Laz'rus* at thy Gates was laid;
A wretched Object, full of Sores, and lame,
Begging the Crumbs which from thy Table came.
Thou wouldſt not hear, waſt deaf unto his Cry,
Tho' thou'dſt too much, and he did ſtarving lie.

But

§ *Diogenes* went about the City of *Athens*, begging to the Statutes; being aſked the Reaſon, he ſaid, "He was learning to bear a Repulſe." So according to Dr, *Young*, none are ſo deaf as they who won't hear

"But now he's bleſt, thou muſt in Torments be,
For ever, ever,——To Eternity.
Hadſt thou been good, given ſomething to the Poor,
Such endleſs Torments, thou wouldſt ne'er endure:
When Heaven offer'd, hadſt thou been awake,
Thou hadſt not been in that infernal Lake.
Betwixt us now, a mighty Gulf's between,
No evil Angels dare near Heaven be ſeen.
We cannot come to you, nor you come here,
'Tis bottomleſs, all Chaos ev'ry where.
A Chaos which proud Satan cannot paſs,
Should he attempt to leave his firey Maſs."

Then *Dives* ſaid,——"O! Father *Abr'am* pray,
Send *Laz'rus* down, to where my Grandeur lay,
To teſtify unto five Breth'ren there,
And let them know, the Conſequence of HERE."
The holy Patr'arch, to him thus reply'd,
"Let *Moſes* and the Prophets be their Guide."
"Nay Father *Abr'am*, (loud the Culprit cries)
Should he appear, and from the Grave ariſe,
They would repent, upon the Lord would call,
And not to Furies, ſell their Souls,——their all."
Then *Abr'am* ſaid, "If *Moſes* they wo'nt hear,
They'll not believe ſhould *Lazarus* appear.
They have enough on Earth to let them know,
There's Heaven above as well as Hell below."

SHOULD Man reflect, when on the Brink of Sin,
How ſoon he's ſeiz'd, how ſoon he's tumbl'd in,
A burning Lake, which never quench'd will be,
But rack the Soul with endleſs Miſery.

SHOULD Man reflect when in his Youth and Prime,
How ſenſual Pleaſures run away with Time;
And ſtop the Progreſs of his ill ſpent Hours,
So often paſs'd in adamantine Bowers:
He'd be converted, as was holy *Paul*,
Like *Laz'rus* riſe, and not like *Dives* fall.

THE

# The PEASANT.

## A POEM in two Books.

### BOOK I.

TERRESTIAL Joy, with plaſtic Power divine,
Waves o'er Mankind, when ſeeking Virtue's Mine:
That mighty Maſs, whoſe Treaſure ne'er will fail,
While Earth turns round, and fleeting Ships do ſail.
Should Chaos reign, Earth, Sun and Moon conſpire,
And ſink frail Nature, in one gen'ral Fire;
Such Conflagration can't diſturb the Mind,
Of Reaſon's Sons, who have bright Virtue join'd.
Happy's the Man, who can behold and ſee,
From ſacred Rules, the Power of Deity,
To baniſh Diſcord, with her furious Train,
The ſenſual Furies of a madding Brain.
And modernize upon fair Science Plan,
The beſt, the ſureſt Ornament to Man.

How few alaſs! how few we find will ſoar,
After ſuch Themes, but rather them devour,

In

In one Deluge,——Or ſend them o'er the Main,
Like Tranſports never to return again.

How baſe that Wretch who doth upbraid that Soul,
That noble Mind, who circumſcribes the whole,
Within his Thoughts, all Science, heavenly Plan,
Whoſe ſublime Numbers, guides creative Man,
When once inſpired by Omniſcient Aid,
He reaſon's well, to argue's not afraid:
Gives ſolid Proofs, with Demonſtration ſound,
His Corrollaries, with plain Truth abound.
His Scholium's good, he's ſeldom known to err,
But carefully ſmooths up each Character.
Of Genius tries, its greateſt Force and Strength,
And moves on ſlowly, to the utmoſt Length;
Like *Bezaleel*, aod *Aholiah* quaffs,
Amazing Draughts, when full he roundly laugh:
Yet is not drunken, hath no ſottiſh Air,
His Eyes do'nt twinkle, ſtill he ſees more clear.
Divine Deportment, guides his noble Pen,
What Joy 'twould give me, was I with ſuch Men!
But never, never, can I ſpend one Hour,
To contemplate with him, who's ſuch a Dower.

THERE's few Inſtructors near me to be found,
But Ignoramuſs's my Cell ſurround.
I've leaden Chat, of Earthly Things and Pelf,
He who gets moſt, the more he hugs himſelf.

They

They pull and haul, like Gamblers get as can,
He who gets moſt, is thought the fineſt Man.
They're Foes to Truth, *Minerva* do diſpiſe,
And vent their Spleen, in Obloquy and Lies.
Learning's derided, by this numerous Race,
And Ignorance, groſs Ignorance takes Place.
No adequate Ideas, they contain,
Of Right or Wrong, but Wrong for Right maintain;
Their Gibb'riſh, Nonſence, doth in Vollies pour,
Of Bulls, of Dogs, of Jockies, or a W——e:
Or buſſing *Nan*, with wanton Tales ſubjoin'd,
Such vain Delight, doth Ignoramus find;
Rather than drink from the pierian Spring,
Which ſpouts out Knowledge, free to Slave and King.

To hear them mock *Minerva*'s weary Train,
Good God, it racks my longing Soul with Pain.
Which hangs ſuſpended, as 'twixt Earth and Sky,
My wav'ring Thoughts ſtill ſoar for ſomething high.
One Mite when gain'd, I ſtrive to gain one more,
Tho' crampt thro' Buſineſs, deafen'd by ſome Boor.
Then how ſhould I, learn ſcientific Rules,
Amidſt ſuch Noiſe, Confuſion, Work and Tools!
Strange Diſappointments haunt my fleeting Hours,
When wand'ring in *Minerva*'s pleaſing Bowers.
Tho' ſhould the Goddeſs ſmile upon me there,
Like *Hamlet*'s Ghoſt, I'm forc'd to diſappear.

Some

Some Accident, will ſtraight produce my Fall,
And down I'm tumbled, for no Fault at all.
Unfortunate was always from my Youth,
Perhaps becauſe I value Science, Truth.

Like * *Woodhouſe* to ſupply old meagre Want,
I'm forc'd to labour like the Bee or Ant.
Like *Woodhouſe* haunted by domeſtic Care,
Still to provide (tho' courſe) my Winter Fare.
Delightful Science ſhall engage my Mind,
If not diſturbed by ſome Neighbouring Hind;
Who tells me Tales, or elſe ſome idle Dream,
Still to obſtruct me from my fav'rite Theme.

All o'er this Globe, Ambition haunts each State,
Amongſt the Peaſants, as amongſt the Great.
With falſe Alurements, ſome will can't and ſmile,
Turn Belial's Watch, but pilfer all the While.
Are heaping Wealth, until their lateſt Breath,
Each thinks himſelf a very God on Earth.
Will from their Doors the Beggar bang away,
Or worry him (perhaps) with *Jock* and *Tray*.
A Beggar's Name, will make them ſnarl and grin,
Always forgetting what themſelves have been.
Thoſe who are brought from nothing to a deal,
Would ſwallow all, e'en all the common Weal.

Such

* *James Woodhouſe* was a Journeyman Shoemaker, Author of a Volume of Poems.

Such Gentles are above their Neighbours quite,
Prim'd up ſo high, (a hundred Yards in Height.)
Some Men at this may ſay, 'tis all a Whim,
And laugh at me, 'cauſe others laugh at them.
Perhaps they'll ſay, it would be ſo with me,
Was I but elevated one Degree.
But this I anſwer in one ſimple Note,
Ambition ne'er ſhall haunt my murky Cote:
But ſweet Content, ſwell thro' my artleſs Rhime,
My jingling Couplets, all made out of Time.

Some Men there are, who make a Mock of Fame,
And ſay 'tis nothing but an empty Dream;
Deride the Youth, who ſounds Philoſophy,
With hum, drum, Railings againſt him or me.
How oft alaſs! how oft alaſs I ſay!
How oft alaſs, I'm flouted at this Way!
By ſome lean Peaſant, meagre Bon'd is he,
And ne'er (perhaps) has learn'd his *A B C:*
With lean long Shanks, he ſtalks along the Plain,
With ſome ſuch Spectre, ſome ſuch unſkill'd Swain,
Who ſkulk about, and upon Learning pour,
Vollies of low Wit, in one gen'ral Shower.

Tho' ſuch dark Mirrours, would obſtruct my Sight,
They ne'er ſhall warp me from my Soul's Delight.
Oh, horrid Thought! Was I with them to go,
I ſoon ſhould ſink down to the Shades below.

Moulder

Moulder in Duſt; perhaps before my Time,
'Cauſe I muſt not, parnaſſian Mountain climb.
At *Palla*'s Gate, how gladly would I call,
(Tho' I poor Simpleton come laſt of all,)
To run the Bias of *Minerva*'s Bowl,
Joy upon Joy my Senſes would cuntroul.
After *Minerva* cheârfully I'll run,
With Truth and Science, till my Thread is ſpun.
A little is but little, count it o'er,
But little put to little, will make more:
Thus Step by Step, I'd gladly wander on,
Till Death ſhall ſay, make haſte thy Glaſs is run.
To entertain my every vacant Hour,
My wand'ring Thoughts to Mathematics ſoar.
Or making Verſes, reading Poetry,
Which charms ev'n ſuch a Sonnetteer as me.
O Science pure! how 'twould delight my Soul,
Had I a Genius to attain the whole.
But how ſhould I the Mount of Science climb,
So ſeldom ridden, and ſo ſhort my Time;
Who can from Buſineſs ſo few Moments ſpare,
Domeſtic Wants, engroſſing all my Care.
But tho' no Muſe ſhould touch my artleſs Lyre,
I can't forbear, for Writing's my Deſire.

O how my Heart would pant with fond Delight,
Could I but true Poetic Numbers write;
And like to *Churchill Pegaſus* could ride,
With well-work'd Pages ſhining by my Side.
*Churchill* was juſt in almoſt ev'ry Line,
And Energy did thro' each Couplet ſhine.

But

But I alaſs! cannot ſuch Numbers ſcan,
My Pipe's an Oaten Reed, do all I can.
Stranger to the immortal *Homer*'s Fire,
That noble Greek, who ſtrung a matchleſs Lyre;
Whoſe Work great *Pope* to moral Senſe refin'd,
To be the Admiration of Mankind.

Tho' ſhort my Time, my Education low,
Yet ſome few Moments, I to rhiming go,
With rapid Flight, in jingling Order ſtammer,
Out-Lines (too oft) that's neither Senſe nor Grammar.
For want of Judgment, in each proper Claſs,
Write Stone or Marble, for clear poliſh'd Braſs.

Were not domeſtic Wants, to ſeize each Nerve,
To Pleaſure fruitleſs, I would never ſwerve;
Each Cyonlop, Perfection ſtrives to gain,
That I might write in true poetic Strain:
But yet Ambition, ne'er ſhould haunt my Cell,
Or make me like my jingling Muſe to ſwell:
Or make me write in Honour of ſelf Praiſe,
With lofty Flights of unharmonious Lays.

Reading and Books, I always did admire,
Thirſting for Knowledge to light up the Fire,
Inſatiate Fire, whoſe Flames riſe very high,
Are always burning, yet will not deſtroy.
With my Book-Satchel, when I was a Child,
With Thoughts elated, unto School I've toil'd;

There eagerly, I read my Leſſons o'er,
Always deſirous ſomething down to pour:
But 'twas but little I could ſwallow then,
But juſt to read, to write and hold my Pen.
In Numbers oft, the Secret have diſclos'd,
And brought out Things which my Preceptor pos'd;
Which made him ſnarl, nay oft he did proteſt,
"This Lad doth plague me more than all the Reſt."
Yet *Jordan* lov'd me, did commend me more,
Then all the Scholars, he had had before.

But huſh! methinks I hear *John* ſay to *Ruth*,
I praiſe myſelf, becauſe I tell the Truth:
No, far from that, I envy much ſelf-Praiſe,
But Truth admire, thro' my weak muſing Lays.
I boaſt of nothing, little would I chuſe,
Indeed I have no mercenary Views,
How vain 'twould be, ſhould I ſuch Thoughts entwine,
Who am the meaneſt that attend the Nine.

When I left *Jordan*, which indeed was ſoon,
For my bright Morning ſoon was chang'd to Noon;
Or rather Night, then I muſt learn to toil,
With merry Peaſants delving o'er the Soil.

My Anceſtors were in a fluent State,
Were Gentlemen, poſſeſs'd a good Eſtate:
But my poor Parents, were reduced low,
To trudge and toil, and 'mongſt the Peaſants go.

But

But yet Content, remain'd within their Cell,
And altho' poor, (perhaps) were pleas'd as well,
As if they had, poſſeſs'd both Lands and Store,
Or be what * * * us'd to be before.

I had a Friend,——the worthy ‡*Weekſteed*, H.
Laid down a Plan, the beſt of Plans for me,
Had it but taken, but too oft we find,
Things that are light, are carried with the Wind,
He ſaid that I ſhould educated be,
And brought up at the Univerſity.
To be a Parſon, 'twas his good Intent,
But this ſoon drop'd and I to Service went.
Death ſent my Patron to a better State,
The heavenly Manſions of the Good and Great.
Then many Years, cloſe Servitude I bore,
And Books and Rules were ſeldom thought of more,

On a good § Lady, ſev'ral Years did wait,
Then with the Cook-Maid enter'd Hymen's State:
Oh! what Delight I had then with my Bride,
My lovely *Peg*, when ſitting by my Side!
Tho' in that Point, I had my Heart's Deſire,
Yet o'er my Thoughts burn'd a continual Fire.



‡ Mr. *Richard Weekſteed*, of *Weekſteed-Hall*, who laid the Plan with his Siſter Mrs. *Goldborne*, to be at the Expence of the Author's Education.

§ *Lady Rook*.

Known to an * Unkle then my Caſe I made,
By whoſe Aſſiſtance I ſet up in Trade;
Then all was center'd in my own true Love,
We were as happy as the Race of *Jove*!

Thus being ſettled, pleaſing to myſelf,
With a few Books to grace my ſcanty Shelf,
To contemplate in, when a vacant Hour,
Would ſmile upon me, to increaſe my Dower.
To them like *Woodhouſe*, had Propenſity,
But could not boaſt of † *Shenſtone*'s Library.
*Woodhouſe* was happy to have ſuch a Friend,
To prune his Numbers, and his Faults to mend.
Tho' e'er ſo few, yet ‡ *Pope* doth wiſely ſhew,
How we may learn from every Friend and Foe.

All Knowledge, Arts, to one cannot be give,
Nor can be ſtole, they are the Gifts of Heaven.
Was Man to live a thouſand Years or more,
He'd ſtill be learning, ſomething new explore.
Yet ſome perhaps are vain enough to think,
They've ſwallow'd all the Fountain from the Brink:
Are Maſters of all Science heavenly Art,
Tho' they can't ſing, no more than counterpart.

THE

---

*William *Jones* of *Prees-lower-Heath*, who taught the Author the Art of Weaving Linen and Woolen Cloths, he being at firſt ſet Apprentice to a Gentleman in *Mancheſter*, but in the Rebellion, when the Rebels enter'd that Town, the Troubles of thoſe Times cauſed him to leave his Maſter.

† Mr.

# The PEASANT.

## BOOK II.

THose merry Nymphs, who run away with Time,
Place ſome new Object for an humble Rhime,
Of *Ceres* Swains, who oft a courting come,
Rapping the Door of *Nancy*'s little Dome:
Or at her Window caſt a Stone with Care,
With Thoughts elated to behold the Fair!
Awakes with Joy, ſhe thinks ſome Prize to win,
Slips on ſome Cloaths, and ſoftly lets him in.
Morpheus and Momus, are diſbanded quite,
And each is rais'd to extatick Delight.
Young *Joſeph* claſps fair *Nancy* round the Waiſt,
And then the Sweetneſs of her Lips will taſte.
Tho' Amours ſhould upon the Shepherd pour,
Yet he perhaps, can't ſpeak of one full Hour;
Silent they are, until the Maid ſhall ſay,
"What were you doing *Joſeph* Yeſterday?"
The Swain with am'rous Kiſſes tells the Maid,
"Seeking my Sheep which o'er the Moor had ſtray'd."
Little is ſaid, but yet each other pleaſe,
And Liberty grows warmer by Degrees.



‡Mr *Shenſtone* of the Leſſows, a Gentleman of high Taſte, and Learning. See his Poems, Two Volumes.

§Eſſay on Criticiſm.

They hug each other, and grow more profuſe,
In their Diſcourſe,——but little Courtſhip uſe:
But talk of Shepherds, ganging o'er the Mead,
With merry Milkmaids, thro' the Woodland Shade.
Of Cows, of Sheep, of Huntſman, Hounds or Hare,
Or Noggins, Piggins, ſuch domeſtic Ware.
With equal Glee, the ſable Night they paſs,
'Till Clock ſtrikes four, then *Joſeph* leaves his Laſs.

But ſhould the Shepherd with the Maid prevail,
To meet old *Hymen*, down in yonder Dale;
Should *Joſeph* ſay, "Dear *Nancy*, will you wed?"
She anſwers Nothing, gives a pleaſing Nod.

Thus Peaſants may true Happineſs enjoy,
When too fond Courtſhip, don't their Paſſions cloy,
Too fond I mean, ſhould *Nancy* yield her Charms,
And ſink quite down, when claſp'd in *Joſeph*'s Arms.
The Shepherd's gone, nor takes her for his Mate,
But leaves poor *Nancy*, to beman her Fate.
Nature is frail, ſince *Adam* did begin,
But baſe is he, who brings young *Eve* to ſin.

All o'er the Lawns, what Scenery I've ſeen,
When tripping o'er the ſmooth enamell'd Green,
Delightful Scenes, ſuperior, far above,
What Deſarts offer, or where Satyrs rove!
Druids may raiſe indeed ſome lofty Theme, [Stream.
Of Fawns, Nymphs, Naids, all wand'ring by the

Or

Or in the Woodlands, where *Zephyrus* blows,
And Choiriſters, all take their ſweet Repoſe.
Or ſtretch their Throats, and tune their little Lyre,
To make the Swain, young *Philemon* admire.

How oft have I, with * *Holland* my old Friend,
Lain on the Turff, to hear theſe Choiriſters contend,
Muſic ſucceeding Muſic, ſtrikes the Ear,
Through all the Tribe, e'en to old Chanticlear,
Profus'd Delight, ſtill ranges thro' the Lawns,
Where all theſe Songſters, ſound their little Horns.
With what Delight, my Friend and I would ſit,
Admiring much what fertile Authors writ;
To ſearch out Knowledge, with a penſive Mind,
How eager then we were, their Uſe to find.
Enchanted were, tho' Ravens round us croak,
Our new built Schemes, were made, not to be broke.
Tho' meagre Want, with ſloth led in her Car,
Threaten'd us both, declaring open War.
We fought each Fiend, led by Induſtry's Aid,
And ſav'd the Bowl, which Honeſty had made.

Some Peaſants talk of Dæmons, Furies, Ghoſts,
Of Witches haunting fair *Minerva*'s Coaſts;
And that unleſs they could ſuppreſs our Charm,
Might raiſe the Devil, do them ſome great Harm.



* *Thomas Holland* of *Norbury*.

Strange Doubts aroſe, whether my Friend or me,
Muſt take one Leaf from Science ſpreading Tree.
When doubting thus, ſays Genius in the Air,
"Take of thoſe Leaves, you're welcome to your ſhare."
The Omen given, what to go about,
Reſolv'd to take a Mathematic Rout.
No Authors had, but *Fiſher* on our Side,
And *Leadbetter*'s Mathematician's Guide.
In Number's Field, where Figures ſtand in Rows,
And crooked Cyphers, made like crooked O'es.
We took our Way, with Fogs before our Eyes,
Sounding like Pilots, when a Storm doth riſe.
Sounding when in ſome wilder'd Nook w're got,
Looking as wild, as any Hottentot:
Or any Pantomime, or mimic Shade,
Toſſing our Papers on the Table laid;
Scratching the Head, and liſting up the Eyes,
The Miſt grows thicker, Fogs on Fogs ariſe;
'Till ſober *Somnus* doth diſpel the Miſt,
And Phœbus Rays are ſcatter'd in the Eaſt.
To tinge the Clouds with a much brighter Dye,
Than e'er appear'd in Paint or Tapeſtry.
No Miniature Artiſt, yet could ever ſhew,
One Thouſand'th Part of ſuch a heavenly View.
Landſcapes they ſeem, on Landſcapes to ariſe,
And Clouds in Motion Iſſue thro' the Skies.
'Tis Morning doth our laſt Night Schemes unfold,
To make us bleſt, like Archimedes of old.

Who

Who ran ſtark naked from the Bath or Well,
And cries, "I've found it!" What? He ſcarce could tell.
Pleas'd in his Thoughts, and thinking more and more,
The true Solution doth at laſt explore;
Which pleaſed *Hiero*, King of *Syracuſe*,
To know the Fraud, the Artiſt's groſs abuſe.
In *Crete*, *Dædalus*, thro' his Lab'rinth hy'd,
But were in one that had nor End nor Side,
Suddenly, ſeiz'd with Joy, with Fear, with Toil,
Our Ways might make *Silenus* old to ſmile.
Night after Night, three times per Week or more,
Our Lucubrations carefully read o'er.
Purchas'd what Authors we could hear were beſt,
And got old *Emerſon* amongſt the reſt.
Had *Simpſon* too, *Deſaguliers* and *Ward*,
And *Heath* likewiſe, which Authors we thought hard.
Hard did I ſay? Yes very hard they were,
'Cauſe without Help, we backward Road muſt ſtear.
*Ben. Martin*'s Works, upon our Shelf were ſeen,
And *Malcolm*'s too, the Scot of *Aberdeen*,
*Maſeres*, *Lions*, *Hodgeſon*, *Potter*, *Row*,
With famous *Barrow*, to make up the Show.
Old *Euclid* too, with *Dilworth*, *Fenning*, *Brown*,
Each in our Turn, a Perquiſite laid down;
To buy a Book, to eaſe a craving Mind,
Which long'd for all, tho' we ſtill lagg'd behind.
Moving on ſlowly, as the Rattle Snake,
Gathering but little, like a wide Tooth Rake.

Yet

Yet always pulling with a willing Mind,
For all we could by Demonſtration find.
Perplexing Rules, our wand'ring Thoughts would cloy,
But Demonſtration was the Source of Joy.
The Source of all our plaſtic Hope or Gain,
Sometimes enamour'd, ſometimes ſeiz'd with Pain;
Like Sailors who upon the Ocean ſteer,
A Breeze brings Joy, a Tempeſt black Diſpair.
Of all the Peaſants, all our Neighbours round,
We were the happieſt, when together found;
Near to a Mile in Diſtance we did dwell,
Remote from Noiſe, within each rural Cell,
Bringing each other, on the Road would paſs,
More pleaſing Hours than *John* with *Joan* his Laſs;
Who ſmile or frown when in each other's Sight,
But we were moſtly crown'd with true Delight.
Old Sages trac'd, from *Thales* to *Emerſon*,
From Sage to Sage, our wanton Language run.
Wanton indeed, a Metaphor muſt be,
For inward Mirth which ſeiz'd my Friend and me.
Our Thoughts elated, O what Joys we had!
A merry Heart, doth always make Men glad.
Thus for ſome Years, we ſpent our Leaſure Time,
Scaling the Mount, we backward us'd to climb.
Backwards indeed, when we with Peaſants went,
To Races, Wakes, and ev'ry Merriment.
As Orbs in Motion, Things in Courſe muſt change,
So from my Friend, I further off muſt range.

Full

Full five Miles Diſtant now we did reſide,
Which did obſtruct the ſcientific Tide;
That o'er our Thoughts, ſo rapidly had run,
In glim'ring Cloud, appear'd a ſetting Sun.
Pale Cynthia ſhone but dimly on my Friend,
Our happy Hours, he thought were at an End;
He ſoon went cooler of his fond Delight,
And Mathematics were got Maſter quite.
Should Man but ſtumble, off the Ladder fall,
When one Step breaks, his Weight may break them all.
Some in a Wilderneſs will range about,
Seeking ſome End, but cannot find it out.
But call for help, ſome ſturdy, truſty Guide,
With lighted Lanthorn, dangling by his Side;
To light him out, when from the Grove he's fled,
His Hairs perhaps ſtand upright on his Head.

So being left with Books alone to think,
To ponder on *Minerva*'s curving Brink.
Oh! how delighted, ſometimes I have been,
Making Ænigmas for the *Magazine*.
Led by no Rule, but juſt the Nack of Rhime,
To make the Poetaſtor's Numbers chyme.
No Explatives, but what were low and dull,
And Epithets in the wrong Places full:
No true Emphaſis, to ſupport the Strain,
But all the Vapours of a giddy Brain.
When ſwift *Camilla*, ſhould each Word entwine,
Slow Monoſyllables went thro' the Line.

So

So right or wrong, my Drollery I ſent,
To *London*, to give Authors Merriment.
To make them laugh, to joke, and tell a Tale,
Over a Glaſs, of Punch, Wine, Beer, or Ale.
Tho' low they were, yet my weak Pieces come,
In *Di'ries*, *Magazine*, *Palladium*.
With ſome Lines crooked, ſhort of Count or lame,
That all the World might laugh as well as them.
Laugh did I ſay? Yes, I with merry Glee,
Thought they appear'd with vaſt Dexterity.
A little Learning, *Pope* is pleas'd to ſay,
Doth make Men giddy,——ſtumble in their Way;
Intoxicated Vapours are their Guide,
Run down the Lane which has nor End nor Side;
Like old *Tantarabobus*, ſeek to find,
The mighty Maſs, Philoſophers have coin'd;
Or elſe the || Stone, which bury'd is ſo deep,
It can't be found, tho' thro' the Earth we peep.
My merry Riddles, did procure me Friends,
And worthy T——T, an Epiſtle ſends;
Which was both genial, and inſtructive too,
Pointing out Merit, giving Wit it's due.
My unknown Friend, much honour'd be his Name,
With Candour would my heedleſs Errors blame.
Tho' my weak Muſe, ſhould in the Mire but ſtand,
Up to the Chin,——he'd give a helping Hand.

To

|| Philoſopher's Stone, which has cauſed ſo much Debate amongſt the Virtuoſos.

To blow my Spark of Genius did begin,
To light it up, when but one Spark was in.
Enraptur'd now! In Extaſy I ſay,
How bleſt is he, who can prune Faults away,
And lop the ſucklings of an artleſs Brain,
When 'tis not buoy'd with true poetic Strain.
But ſhould my gen'rous Friend my Numbers ſcan,
With candour prune them, not diſdain the Man;
Abſurdities too oft do interfere,
How bleſt is he, whoſe Intellects are clear!
Like to my Friend, well ſkill'd in Mood and Tenſe,
Who'd gladly guide poor pining Ignorance.
But then alaſs! what Aid can I receive,
When from my Friend, ſo many Miles I live.
Who ne'er can ſee but little from my Pen,
Except a trifling Letter now and then:
Or a few Verſes in the Magazine,
For never yet together have we been.
Strangers we are, ſhould we each other meet,
Might paſs nnknown along the open Street.
But Friends are happy, bleſt with true Content,
When they agree in every Sentiment.
There's B——R, S——T and F——D, my diſtant Friends,
Unknown to me, ſometimes a Letter ſends,
And P——P's too, that gen'rous good Lady,
Whoſe ſublime Genius, ſoars ſo very high.

O TERESA! from thy command of Pen,
I can improve,——good Lady write again.

So

So penatrating are the Lines you ſend,
If *Pope* was living, might the ſame commend.
When Truth and Science, guide a female Mind,
Her Thoughts wo'nt vary, like inconſtant Wind,
But fix'd and ever ſteady ſhe will be,
And pleas'd the beſt when in her Library.

To W——L, B——R——R, Artiſts of great Note,
Oft Correſponding Letters have I wrote;
Who ſtill encourage, bid me write again,
Which makes me drop the Shuttle for the Pen.
My Inkhorn and my Fragments near me lie,
To catch the Vapours which around me fly,
For when I'm buſy rapping in my Loom,
Surprizing Spectres will around me come.
Obſcur'd from Sight, into my Noddle creep,
Like thoſe weak Atoms, which haunt Men aſleep.
Then in a Moment, as the fit comes on,
I ſeize the Pen leſt ſomething ſhould be gone.
A Poet's Thought, when loſt is hard to find,
Now here, now there, now vaniſh'd with the Wind.
Imagination hung on lively Springs,
Supports the Strain, whene'er the Poet ſings.
True Harmony, ſhould accent ev'ry Line,
And Numbers juſt, muſt ev'ry where combine.
A Poet's Eye, ſhould be ſo quick of Sight,
Not to be dimn'd by Fogs, or gloomy Night.
All Scenes of Action, to his Eye muſt come,
In *London* ſee the *Pope* expire at *Rome*.

And Memory muſt with the Poet dwell,
That good old Lady, who ſtrange Truths will tell,
To make him ſing, as *Homer* did of *Troy*,
How Champions conquer, and how Champions die.

REVIEWER.

STOP, ſtop weak Muſe, doſt thou pretend to teach,
And aim at Things are far above thy Reach?
Doſt thou with *Pope* or *Gay* preſume to vie?
Or your lov'd *Churchill*, who couldſt never pry,
One claſſic Author's Depths, to *Lilly* learn,
His Grammar well, elſe little thou'lt diſcern.
A Poet with the Claſſics ſhould be vers'd,
As *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid* and the Reſt.
An Author ſhould with Learning be inſpir'd,
An *Engliſh* Scholar cannot be admir'd.

BESIDES, vain Man, as thou'rt ſo very poor,
Thy Buſ'neſs mind, reſolve to write no more.
But weave thy Web, ſtill make a noiſy Din,
A Poet's Labours bring but little in.

POET.

THANKS, Thanks are due, my humble Thanks
To you, who beſt can teach me how to live [give,
But really Sir, I can't forbear to write,
Should Fancy ſeize me, or the Maggot bite;
If lively Fancy, uſhers ſomething new,
All's put in Motion, Pen and Shuttle too;

With

With rapid Flight, in my poor rural Cell,
Which moveth quickeſt, would be hard to tell.
To tread the Claſſics, once reſolv'd to try,
But they appear'd to me ſo dull, ſo dry,
That ſoon I drop'd, old Lilly down in Haſte,
And thought plain Engliſh ſuited beſt my Taſte:
My blunted Taſte, ſince Engliſhmen are free,
To read and write,——endow'd with Liberty,
That Græcian Author, Homer I admire,
Whoſe Genius ſhines from Pope's poetic Fire.
If from the Moderns, I the Claſſics ſpeak,
In our own Tongue, what need I Latin, Greek.

You bid me labour, that indeed's my Doom,
For ghaſtly Want, in Tatters ſtill doth come,
And takes all from me, doth perplex me ſore,
With Frowns ſhe threatens, all her Cry is more.

My worthy Friends, all you that read this Book,
My Faults point out, whenever in't you look.
To let me know them, 'twould increaſe my Joy,
I'll ſtrive to mend, if I again ſhould try.

*The End of the Poems.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 NO 74

# DELIGHTS for the LADIES.

*Containing, new Enigmas, and Mathematical Queſtions, for the exerciſe and improvement of the Invention and Judgement.*

## ÆNIGMA I.

DEar Ladies, in Cheſhire, I'm known to abide,
With Jervis the miller, and hundreds beſide;
Old Hop he will tell you when ſinging a ſong,
I've mov'd on his head, as he walked along,
And ſwallow'd him after, believe me, 'tis truth,
I went thro' the town, with his head in my mouth.
My body reſembles ſome parts of a fiddle,
A tail at one end, and a tail in the middle;
In each of theſe tails is a mouth you muſt know,
To make me look queer, and to make a ſtrange ſhew.
Some hundred years backward, well-known I was
To bold Robin Hood, and all his merry men. [then,
Tho' Sly-boots I've ſeiz'd on, I've reaſon to mourn,
The hardſhips endur'd in the days of Pope Joan;
Like a malefactor was hung up to dry,
On gibbet erected 'twixt earth and the ſky.
All this I endured, ye fair, for a while,
And then was took down, and thrown into the Nile,

Or ſome purling ſtream, where the waters did flow;
But yet was not drowned, tho' bury'd ſo low.
Tho' ſnug I lay there, like a frog in a well,
Yet I was ſoon taken, ſtrange ſtory to tell.
Old Hop he came to me, and thinking to have,
A booty from me in this watery grave:
But being miſtaken, the lawns I went o'er,
With his head in my mouth as I mention'd before.
Take one hint more ladies, believe me 'tis true,
I've ears, and I've eyes, like old Argus enough.
And belted I'm round, like old Jeremy Hore,
So Ladies with eaſe, you my name will explore.

## ÆNIGMA II.

LAdies, my uſe on this terreſtrial ſphere
Is great, and beneficial ev'ry where.
My profits give each fair one at command,
So liberal, put all into their hand;
Tho' all I give, 'tis not enough for Roſe,
She ſends it back, and down my throat it goes.
What fickleneſs is bore on fancy's wing;
To have me back, ſhe cuts the navel ſtring!
Then all my profit is deliver'd out,
To one that's ſtrangely hornify'd about:
Who oft cuts Capers, round each lovely fair;
No Harlequin can mimic with ſuch Air.
Like Geometer', I ſometimes am found,
To run the Circle, moſt completely round:

Yet

Yet never learn'd to read or write, ye fair!
In Academies seldom I appear.
Ye lovely fair, my shape I will express,
As near the truth, as ever I can guess,
I'm no rhinoceros, bull, nor hind,
Yet in the middle of my head you'll find,
A crooked horn, that's strangely known to thrive,
Goes longer, shorter, just as you contrive.
My legs and arms extend from side to side,
One foot I have, which is exceeding wide:
My body's strong, my ribs lie in my tail,
And take great compass, like a wind-mill sail.
Hard case you'll say, a cinder wench will pull,
My cloak to tatters, tho' made neat and full.
Against this wench, indeed I sometimes draw,
A poigniard sharpen'd like an eagle's claw,
And roar aloud, should she but touch my tail,
She flounces from me, like the monst'rous whale.
In Sir John's House, if near my lady found,
Dame fortune, she will gently turn me round.
I have a namesake, Ladies they will say,
At Hyde-Park corner, every Christmas-Day.

---

## ÆNIGMA III.

XERXES when riding in his gilded Car,
With joy triumphed o'er the spoils of war;
Tho' orphans bleeding, in their gore do lie,
Yet *conquest*, *conquest*! all the victors cry.

His mighty hoſt, their batt'ring rams diſplay,
And walls and ramparts to their force give way
Are tumbled down, the very baſy ſhakes,
And ſtones and darts ſtrange diſolution makes.
With the beſieged, who in corners creep,
And famine o'er them, ſeems to mourn and weep.
Like Xerxes, hundreds, thouſands I may ſay,
By my command, have fallen in one day.
Grand is my title, in each different ſtate,
Upon the Pope, or the grand Seignior wait;
From fire and faggots, once a maid did ſave,
So great my uſe, ſo great the power I have.
I have been favour'd both by duke and lord,
And in the cabinet of lady F——D.
When actors play, in Garrick's houſe I'm found,
Hung by one leg, with my head turning round.
I'm what you pleaſe, when in this form appear,
A king, a queen, a lyon, wolf or bear;
Or ſome bold champion, with my ſword and lance;
A dancing hero, dancing into France;
A Shovel's, Drake's, or Raleigh's figure bear;
But hold too much.——My name you'll ſoon declare.

---

## ÆNIGMA IV.

QUite back to old Adam and Eve you will find,
My anceſtors have been a-kin to mankind;
Yet Richard, and Roger, Ralph, Harry and Tom,
Deſpiſe me wherever they happen to come.

Young

Young Nancy will jeer me, and laugh at my ways,
And Bet, ſhould ſhe meet me, with wonder will gaze.
Becauſe like a ſpectre, I'm made to look queer,
And ſometimes deformed, like Æſop appear.
Should fortune but meet me, ſhe gives me the way,
And paſſes to Flora the queen of the May.
There's Joſeph and Mary, the Miller and Sue,
The Cobler and Bridget, briſk Simon and Prue,
Will merrily dance, or amongſt the new hay,
Oh! how they will tumble, will rumble and play!
Or jig the dance over, and over again,
Their joys they ſound eccho all over the plain.
Should I but ſurprize them, O how they will run!
They fear me as much as a poet a dun.
Becauſe I'm a telltale, and envy their joys,
But yet to requite me, ſtrange ſchemes they deviſe.
At lady Fontella's, ſhould I but appear,
To mock her with a *je-ne-ſçai-quoi* air.
The lady will leave me, briſk Damon will ſay,
Don't let this ſtrange creature come near us I pray,
And ſtill to perplex me, the lady enjoys,
A thing I have ſought, tho' I can't win the prize,
I'm laugh'd at, and flouted, by Sue of the Mill,
Yet Margery Simpſon, and Ruth of the Hill,
Would wiſh they had ſomething I'm made to enjoy.
Yet I'm not contented, alaſs ſilly I!
I'm parent to nothing, in England was found,
When Sir Francis Drake ſail'd the ocean around.
Sometimes in a cellar I'm buried, 'tis——*D*,
And if I grow tipſy, I'm ſtill an——*D*.

QUEST.

## QUESTION 15.

BUnch Hesperus, Ladies, is out done I hear,
By Polly Algebra, a puzzle wit rare:
The maid to confound him, exerted her skill,
And sent him a card from the brow of the Hill;
Where is a neat cottage, where Polly so free,
Sits spinning, and singing, How happy is she!
Because she has baffled the Conjuror's art,
And sent him a question, he cannot impart,
Which was by what's under, her age to explore,
And fortune and height, above inches a score;
The day next July, she with Damon must wed,
But he is a stranger to *x*, *y* and *zed*,

Given $\left\{\begin{array}{l} w+x+y+z=490 \\ wx-y+z=7128 \\ w+\sqrt{x+yz}=550 \\ w+x+\sqrt{y+z}=434, \end{array}\right.$ *Note*, $w$ = her age, $x$ = her fortune, $y$ = her height in inches, $z$ = the day.

## QUEST. 16.

A Poet's name, fair Ladies, you will know,
From these Equations, which appear below.

Given $\left\{\begin{array}{l} u+v+w+x+y+z=156 \\ u-v-w-x-y-z=286 \\ uvwxyz=67326 \\ x=w+y+z \\ z=v+z \\ v=y-w \end{array}\right.$ *Note*, $u, v, w, x, y, z$ represent the letters in the alphabet, that compose his name.

QUEST.

## QUEST. 3d.

An oblique triangle may be found *,
When two empties of good English ground
Are given, terminating in each side,
But not each other, in the least divide.

## QUEST. 4th, *by Polly Algebra.*

Three Batchelors oft come a courting to me,
There's Ambroſe, Silveſter, and Timothy.
Which of them to marry, I'm quite at a ſtand,
But Ambroſe he hath both money and land,
And Silveſter's rich I'd have you to know,
But Tim upon bank, has got nothing to ſhew;
And yet he's the lad that gives joy to my mind.
In his arms when he claſps me, what pleaſure I find!
Then ladies, come tell me, which of them 'tis beſt,
To take for a huſband, to make a girl bleſt.
Solve but the Equations, each age you'll explore,
But mine to be certain wants two of a ſcore.
So Ladies be quick and let's have your advice,
For I want to be married, I mean in a trice.

Given $\begin{cases} \frac{x+y+z}{\sqrt{x}} = 7.7459 \\ \frac{x+y+z}{y} = 2366 \\ \frac{x^2+y^2+z^2}{\sqrt{xyz}} = 26.5197 \end{cases}$

*Note*, $x$—Ambroſe's age
$y$—Silveſter's,
$z$—Timothy's.

QUEST.

* By a ſimple equation.

## QUEST. 5th.

John's age and George's, make one hundred years,
And cube them both, a maximum appears.

## QUEST. 6th.

Mounting the cliffs of the Red Caſtle, I
Down in a vale, a keeper did eſpy:
And as upon the Caſtle's rock I ſtood,
I ſaw him fire beneath th' adjacent wood:
Betwixt the flaſh, and ſound it did appear,
Was three half ſeconds, 'fore it reach'd my ear.
So pondering, at laſt, 'twas my deſire,
To know my height above the keeper's fire:
Then in a well, a ſtone I gently ſlung,
The choriſters all round me ſweetly ſung.
The time, two ſeconds, 'fore I heard the ſound,
Standing ſo high on this ſtupendous ground.
From the ſlant rock, to where the ſtone did come,
By obſervation, found a maximum *.
*Quere*, The Caſtle's perpendicular height?
Which did ſo much amaze my wond'ring ſight.

## A PARADOX.

I'm looking out, but cannot ſee,
No man ſo deſtitute as me,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſtander-by,
In frantic form, with head awry.
Ingenious Ladies, *Who am I?*

* A right line drawn from the bottom of the well, into the ſlant ſide of the rock. A maximum.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 NO 74

THE

# MERRY MILLER:

OR,

## The COUNTRY-MAN's RAMBLE

TO

# LONDON.

A FARCE of two ACTS.

Printed for the Author, and ſold by
Mr. DAVENHILL, Bookſeller at the Lamb, in Leadenhall-Street, *LONDON*;
And by Mr. WILLIAMS, Bookſeller *SALOP*.

M.DCC.LXVI.

[Price one Shilling.]

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE author of this little diverting Piece, hopes his readers will candidly excuſe any inaccuracies or faults that may be pointed out in it, as it is the firſt he ever attempted of any thing in the* dramatic way: *nor had he ever any thoughts of writing this, had he not been perſwaded to it.*

*Being ſolicited by ſome neighbours and friends to play the part of Macheath, in the* Beggar's Opera, *for their diverſion, gave birth to the following* Farce, *which was begun and finiſhed in leſs than a month, altho' the author was cloſely engaged all the while at his trade or buſineſs; and he being conſcious he ſhall be thought a Plagiary, begs leave to acquaint the Public in general, that the Plots are entirely originals.*

*The author having compos'd a new ſong to be ſung in the character of Ben Budge, at the beginning of the 2d Act in the* Beggar's Opera, *he hath preſumed to give it along with the reſt of his pieces, for the amuſement of his Readers.*

*If the following pages meet not with the approbation of his readers, he earneſtly begs pardon for his boldneſs in admitting them to the Preſs.*

# A New SONG.

*Sung in the character of Ben Budge, at the beginning of the 2d Act in the* Beggar's Opera.

FIll the bowl to the brim, hand the glaſſes around,
Great pleaſure you'll own, in full bumpers are found;
See this bumper I hold, 'twill enliven th' brain,
I'll drink it, and chorus it over again,
*Again, again, again, again,*
*I'll drink it and chorus it over again.*

The miſerly courtier, who hoards up his wealth,
And wantons in ſterling, to pleaſure himſelf;
How ſimple he looks at a flaſh in the pan,
He's ſeiz'd with a panick, how ſimple's the Man?
Cho.

What ſouls are ſo loyal, ſo valiant as we,
We take all by conqueſt wherever we be;
Our arms they'll ſupport us, we'll conquer or die,
No Duke, Lord, nor Common, dare make us to fly.
Cho.

We're hero's like Cæſar, who can us withſtand,
We ſeize on our prey at the word of command;
Stand, ſtand, and deliver, your money old ſquire,
For Caſh we muſt have, cock your piſtols, fire, fire,
*Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire,*
*For caſh we muſt have, cock your piſtols, fire, fire.*
[*They range in order their piſtols.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## MEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Careful, | *a Farmer.* |
| Roger, | *his Son.* |
| Old Merry, | *the Miller.* |
| Lord Modely, | |
| Philander, | *Shepherds.* |
| Thyrsis, | |
| Justice, | |
| John, | *two Watchmen.* |
| Ralph, | |
| Hop, | *Servants to Ld.* Modely. |
| Billy Tweezer, | |
| Humphrey, | |
| Clodhopper, | *Servant to* Careful. |
| Carman and Coaler. | |

## WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| Flora, | *a Shepherdess.* |
| Sue, | *the Miller's Daughter.* |
| Doll Snap, | |
| Pickup, | *Prostitutes, or Ladies of Pleasure.* |
| Wagtail, | |
| Plaket, | |

SCENE, the Fields.

# THE MERRY MILLER:

OR,

# The Country-Man's Ramble to LONDON.

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ACT 1ſt. SCENE 1ſt. *The Fields.*

*Enter* Thyrſis *and* Philander *meeting.*

PHILANDER.

DEar Thyrſis, well met—ſtand ſtill, and do'nt be in too great a hurry—I have news to tell thee.

THYRS. What news Phil, what news?

PHIL. News! why ſtrange news if that be all.

TYHRS. Prithee let's hear it then.

PHIL. Why old Careful is for ſending his ſon Roger up to London, becauſe he makes love to Sue, the miller's daughter.

THYRS. [*Surpriſed*] Hah! [*recovering himſelf*] a pretty joke truly: but prithee tell me how Roger approves on the Journey.

PHIL. Why he's as eager on't, as a child for a new play-thing, or as Doll Slattern at the fight of a new ſweetheart: but you muſt know they have promiſed eternal conſtancy, to each other; and as ſoon as he's ſettled in London, is to ſend for her, and marry her, and they are to be very great gentlefolks.

THYRS. Very probably they may, if Roger keeps his word.

PHIL. Oh! he's bound to do that, for they broke a huge crown-piece laſt night, and parted it between them as a token of the ſame.

THYRS. So! then he cannot well break off:——but when does he ſet out.——

PHIL. To morrow morning, as ſoon as the cock crows, or the geeſe begin to cackle.

THYRS. Does he go by land or by ſea?

PHIL. By land.

THYRS. How? does he ride or foot it?

PHIL. I ſuppoſe he tramps it all the way on foot, for old Jobſon the cobler hath put a double row of nails in his ſhoes.

THYRS. And prithee Phil how does Sue bear all this.

PHIL. Bear it! why all by extremes lad——ſometimes ſhe laughs, and ſometimes ſighs; with now and then a feigned cry: her heart goes pit-a-pit; but the thought of being ſo ſoon ſent for, to be a gentlewoman, diſpels the black miſt of diſpair; and now

Thyrſi

Thyrfis, I'll ſing thee a new ſonnet, of my own making, on the occaſion.

SONG 1ſt.

*A country-man to town did rove,*
*From under yonder hill;*
*And left his horn, his crook and love,*
*Bright Suſan of the mill.*

*The maid did heave, did ſigh and fret,*
*For ten long days or more;*
*'Till Cory's ſuit made her forget,*
*The ſhepherd lov'd before.*

*Women are changing like the moon,*
*As wav'ring as the wind;*
*Dancing to ev'ry new blown tune,*
*"Out of ſight, out of mind."*

*Young Roger too, in London may,*
*Fair faces ſee enough;*
*Where luſtre ſhines with ſtronger rays,*
*Than one weak beam from Sue.*

But ſee 'tis almoſt dark, let's jogg homewards, and I'll ſing you more as we go along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE 2d. *Careful's Houſe.*

*Enter Careful with a purſe of money.*

CAREF. Roger——Roger——Roger, why Roger.

ROG. [*within*] Holo——holo——holo, I'm coming mon.

*Enter Roger.*

CAREF. What are you doing all this while? 'tis time thou hadſt been two or three miles on the road, ——Here, there's twenty guineas I have ty'd up in this bag for you, that thou may'ſt not be deſtitute of money when you come to London, but appear like a man:——but hark'e, haſt got any ſilver to defray the expence of travelling?

ROG. No father, not a boden.

CAREF. Then reach me down that old boot that hangs in the chimney, and let me ſee what there is there. [*Roger reaches the boot*] Oh, ho! here's chink, [*counts the money*]here Roger, here's twelve ſhillings in ſilver, and four ſhillings in good old George's copper, which will carry thee up to London and to ſpare; and do you hear, I would not have you untie this bag, 'till thou art ſafe arriv'd at thy Nuncle's.

ROG. Nuncle's! ah, that's right.——Pray father where about in London does he live.

CAREF. In troth lad I cannot tell, but I have heard he lives ſome where about Paul's Steeple, however, thou may'ſt eaſily find him out, enquire for old Simon Careful,

Careful, the cobler, he's a very noted man, every body knows him, they ſay he's very rich, and will make you his heir, ſo with what I can ſcrape together for thee, thou art ſure to be a great man.

ROG. Well father, I hope I ſhall, ſo fare-well.

CAREF. The bleſſing of my heart light upon thee, and ſend thee a good journey, and often think of what I now charge thee, be ſure to take care of the wenching tribe, for they'll never do thee any good.

ROG. Well well. [*Exit Roger.*

CAREFUL *ſolus.*

Hum! now poor Roger is gone, all courtſhip will ceaſe between him and that ſkitter-witted wench, the miller's daughter, for Roger has money, and I can give him money, (ſo money requires money.) What a thing it would have been, had Roger given all away to a wench that has nothing.——For I don't believe old Merry the miller can portion his daughter off with fifty farthings, much leſs fifty pounds, which I can give Roger any day; beſides Roger is a ſtrait, well proportion'd good built man, and may make his fortune.——Nay if dreams foretel events, Roger is born to be a gentleman.

## SONG 2d.

*No farmer on earth, is more happy than I,*
*I've money to pay, and I've money to buy;*
*'Tis money I love, and 'tis money I crave,*
*For money ſupports us, and makes us look brave.*

*The times they run rarely, my corn goes off well,*
*I take none to market, to badgers I ſell;*
*Who pay me in guineas to fill up my bags,*
*What need I to mind, if the poor go in Rags.*

*My cheeſe go off bravely, quite over the ſea,*
*And corn follows after, to fetch home ſome tea;*
*Or rather ſome money, the farmer's true guide,*
*To mount him on horſeback, in grandeur to ride.*

*The poor are below me, the great I don't mind,*
*I'm cas'd up in armour, my pockets are lin'd;*
*I am below no man, how can I mount higher,*
*Old Careful, he may go as fine as a 'ſquire.* [Exit.

---

## SCENE *the* 3*d. The Mill.*

*Enter Merry the miller, ſinging.*

*A miller's life's a merry life,*
*Then who would be a king;*
*He's free from care and free from ſtrife,*
*To hop about and ſing.*

*In a cook's-ſhop there's none need ſtarve,*
*Where plenty's to be found;*
*No more need* I, *when th' hopper's fill'd,*
*And the cog-wheels turn round.*

*There's*

*There's Kate and Maudlin, Ralph and Will,*
*And every jocund ſoul;*
*Will bring their griſt unto the mill,*
*So I may fill my bowl.*

*Then in my mill, I live ſecure,*
*From court's tumultuous noiſe,*
*No golden duſt but milk white meal,*
*Doth dimnify my eyes,* Tol-rol-lol.

*Enter Sue.*

SUE. What a noiſe ye make, ſinging and ranting in this manner, one cannot ſleep in a morning for you; beſides you know I am not very well.

MILL. Not well Sue, not well——no no, not well; in troth Sue, thou art always a ladding, and art never well——Some new fangoe or other continually diſturbs thy quiet.

SUE. Don't teaze me with your nonſenſe, for I am bad, really bad, I'll aſſure you, I am very ill—— and you have no pity tho' I was at death's door.

MILL. I always pity when I ſee occaſion, but when I ſee a wench ſimpering and ogleing at every young fellow that comes in her way, and ſighing with a *heigho*, when he leaves her, then I judge 'tis the inconſiſtent frailty of women, and I take no pity at all.

SUE. Well to be ſure, when a woman is ill, you imagine her frailty to be the cauſe.

Mill. I have often obſerved that women are generally moſt fond when there is the leaſt occaſion for fondneſs.——How many fine ladies have we in this realm who are in love, deſperately in love, with ſome coxcomb or other, that does not care a farthing for them.

Sue. Well, but I hope, father, you do not think all people are alike.

Mill. No: but I think a woman ſhould not ſhew her fondneſs, 'till ſhe has prov'd her ſuitor's ſincerity.

Sue. Indeed for that matter, I think ſome men will promiſe a thouſand things, and never perform one: but ſuppoſe two lovers, loved each other to the laſt extreme of loving, and ſome accident or other obliged them for ſome time to part, and as a token of conſtancy, they break a piece of money between them, then to be ſure they muſt both act with ſincerity.

Mill. Perhaps they may for a while, but abſcence, abſcence! (too oft) makes promiſes to be entirely forgot, and each party jingle themſelves in favour with a freſh ſupply.

SONG 4th.

*When I was young I courted Ruth,*
*A huckſome wench ſhe was in truth,*
*I lov'd, I own I lov'd:*
*But being of a tinder frame,*
*One ſpark ſoon ſet me in a flame,*
*From girl to girl I rov'd.*

I *pro-*

*I promis'd Ruth I would prove true,*
*The very ſame I promis'd Sue,*
*And likewiſe Kate and Joan;*
*'Till twenty ſweethearts I had got,*
*Before that I could ſingle out,*
*One laſs to be my own.*

Thus Sue, I went on in my younger years, *toll——doll——lall——*. [*Exit Miller.*

SUE *ſola.*

I am glad the old fellow is gone, for I find by his maggoty temper that I ſhall receive but ſmall comfort by diſcourſing with him; let him ſay what he will, I have great confidence in Roger, and make no doubt but I ſhall ſoon be riding in my coach about London, for I have heard ſome people ſay that all young women that go to London are made ladies: but I had the oddeſt dream laſt night.——Nay; but old Mother Bunch ſays that dreams go by the contraries; ſo I will at preſent make myſelf eaſy, and live in hope of being call'd ſomething more than Sue the miller's daughter.

SONG 5th.

*When I in London take the air,*
*With Roger in a coach or chair;*
*In gay attire as fine I'll go,*
*As any queen in puppet ſhew.*

*Me*

*Me Lady Careful they will call,*
*At plays, ridotto's or Vauxhall;*
*Inſtead of Suſan of the mill,*
*Should Roger but his vows fulfil.*

So I'll after my old daddy, and make myſelf as eaſy as I can. [*Exit.*

---

SCENE 4th, *near Highgate.*

*Enter Roger ſolus, on his journey.*

Rog. Sure I am not far off this fine city of London, for I begin to be very weary, and 'tis almoſt night, but when I have found out my nunkle Simon, I will lie in bed two or three days, to reſt myſelf.——Methinks already, I begin to repent taking ſo long a journey, and wiſh myſelf in the arms of my dear Sue.

*Enter Doll Snap meeting him.*

Snap, Stand and deliver.

Rog: Deliver what!——what do you mean?——who are you?

Snap, No matter who I am,——I ſay, ſtand and deliver your money.

Rog. What the devil is the woman drunk?

Snap, Drunk, you raſcal,——no matter what I am,——I ſay pull out your money.

Rog. Why thou impudent baggage, doſt think I am to be frighten'd by ſuch a ſhe monſter as thou art? no, no; I have not my A B C to learn at theſe years,

years, ſo get about your buſineſs, or I'll ſpurn you to the devil.

SNAP, Do you ſtand to parly with me, raſcal, either pull out your money this moment, or I'll blow your brains out. [*Cocks a piſtol.*

ROG. Here take it, [*pulls out his money*] now farewel all hopes of good fortune.

SNAP, And farewel bumpkin. [*Exit Doll Snap.*

ROG. A curſe light on you and all misfortunes, ſure an unlucky planet hover'd over me when I ſet out.——What a peck of miſeries I am likely to be involved in.——No money, nor am I ſure of finding out my nunkle Simon. To be ſure nothing could have nettl'd me worſe than to be robb'd, and brought into ſuch deplorable circumſtances, and by a woman too! however, deſtitute as I am, I have no other way left but to try fortune, tho' in the utmoſt calamity. [*Exit.*

---

## SCENE 5th, *London.*

*Enter Roger meeting a Carman.*

ROG. Pray maſter, can you tell me which is Paul's ſteeple.

CARM. [*leering.*] I cannot ſay I can, you had better enquire of that fine lady there, ſhe may perhaps give you ſome intelligence.

*Enter Pickup.*

ROG. Madam——madam——madam, can you——

PICK.

PICK. How do you do country-man; I guess by your meaning, that you want a good place.

ROG. Yes, madam. [*Bowing awkwardly.*

PICK. Then come along with me, I'll hire you to wait of three ladies.

ROG. [*aside*] Thanks to my stars for that——madam, I will wait on you, and be your most humble, humble servant. [*Exit following.*

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SCENE 6th, *a Bagnio.*

*Placket and Wagtail sitting at a table.*

WAGT. It always tickles my fancy the most when I see my play-fellow part with his money like a free hearted gentleman. To be sure, when one has a miser to deal with, there is such offs and anns, that without Bacchus plays his part well, there is scarce any such thing as making a prey on them.

PLACK. Indeed Wagtail, to nick a miser is something difficult, but the best way I think to make them bleed, is by allurement.

*Enter Pickup and Roger.*

[*Roger bows awk'ardly and rears himself to the wall*]

ROG. [*to each*] Your servant——your servant.

PICK. Sit down my dear.

ROG. Servant madam. [*Bows.*

WAGT. Come sit by me my dear.

ROG. Servant madam. [*Bows.*

PLACK. No ceremony sir, pray take your place.

ROG.

ROG. A ſervant ſhould not make too free madam; beſides, 'tis not his place to ſit among ladies.

WAGT. We always make much of our ſervants, ſo Placket make ready a bowl of punch, to welcome our new ſtranger; in London here, the ladies oft make as free with a footman, as they do with a lord. [*Exit Placket, and returns with a bowl of punch, takes hold of Roger and ſets him in a chair.*

PLACK. Don't be baſhful, my dear.

ROG. I ſhall always be willing to obey you in any thing.

WAGT. Hand round the bowl, [*They all drink.*

PICK. Come drink again, my dear, 'twill enliven your ſpirits, [*Roger drinks.*] Come again, [*Roger drinks again.*]

ROG. This is brave work, to be ſure, London is a fine place. [*Aſide.*

WAGT. [*to Placket*] Go girl and fetch in another bowl, we will keep up our old Rules, and feaſt to-night on pleaſure. [*Exit Placket, who re-enters with another bowl*] Come my dear, let top and bottom go together. [*Roger drinks.*

ROG. Oh! brave again! [*aſide*] good ladies, good benefactreſs——egad I begin to be rather top heavy, but——

WAGT. Drink again my dear.

ROG, Dear, dear! to be ſure they are in love with me, [*aſide.*] Hiccup——madam, you may command

me to do any thing. [*Drinks.*

WAGT. Then my dear, I am always very fond of ſinging, pray will you favour us with one of your country-catches: but firſt mend your draught.

ROG. Madam——hiccup! in our country we are all very indifferent ſingers; however, to oblige you, I'll do my beſt. [*Drinks, ſings.*

SONG 6th.

*When ranging o'er the moor,*
*With Suſan, Kate and Doll;*
*I met three ſweethearts more,*
*Briſk Nancy, Ruth and Poll.*

*Their ſparkling eyes did roll,*
*Their glances too did kill;*
*But what delights my ſoul,*
*Is Suſan of the mill.*

PLACK. Very pretty, but ſinging cannot well be performed without more liquor, ſo hand round the bowl, come my dear, a leaky veſſel muſt be often fill'd, ſo drink again. [*Roger drinks.*

ROG. Ecod, I think the chair ſeems to totter under me, hiccup, certainly I cannot be Roger now, but am transformed into ſomething elſe, and got into Paradiſe.

WAGT. [*to Placket*] He begins to rave now, let's ply him a little more, 'till he is quite intoxicated, and then we can draw upon him for the reckoning, [*aſide.*

PICK. Come my dear, here's to the laſs of the mill. [*Drinks to Roger,*

ROG.

ROG. A brave mill.——What been thoſe all cog-wheels that be whirling round ſo merrily there? I think Sue, all the mill is turn'd into a whirligig.——Hiccup, give's a kiſs, [*offers to kiſs Pickup, but cannot.*] Waunds, where am I going now——ods-bud, I am ſwimming away! hiccup——but——[*falls faſt aſleep.*

WAGT. So now the clown is bit, and the bird fairly taken.——As the booby has taken ſo freely of our liquor, we will take his money as freely, which can be thought no other than a reaſonable exchange, ſo ſearch his pockets, for I make no doubt but the booby has got a purſe worth taking.

PLACK. We muſt be all aſſiſting. [*They ſearch his pockets, and find nothing.*

PICK. All empty! and nothing to be found! this is amazing!——I made no doubt but the countryfied blockhead, had got a good deal of money about him: but I find he has tip'd the Yorkſhire upon us, and nick'd the biters, who thought to bite him.

PLACK. Rat him for a villain, but we will be reveng'd on him; let's ſtrip him, cut off his head, and caſt him into the privy.

WAGT. Run Placket for a hatchet, I'll cut his head off this moment. Stay, ſtay I'll fetch it myſelf, [*Exit Wagtail, and re-enters with the hatchet.*] Come, now's your doom. [*Offers to kill him.*

PICK. Hold! ſtop your hand Wagtail, if we take

away his life, we run a great riſque, of loſing our own. Let's ſtrip him of his clothes, and turn him out ſtark naked into the ſtreet.

PLAG. That's much the ſafeſt way.——Pull off his doublet in a moment, now the booby is dead drunk, and has loſt all his ſenſes, we muſt make ourſelves ſome recompence or other. [*They ſtrip him to the ſhirt.*

WAGT. To make the clown more rediculous, let's tye him up in an old blanket, and then by day light he'll be taken for a cheat. [*They tye him in a blanket, an old ſtraw hat and quoif on his head.*

WAGT. Turn him out. [*They heave him out into the ſtreet.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

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## SCENE 7th, *the* Street.

*Roger reeling about.*

*Enter two watchmen, John and Ralph.*

RALPH, Zouns John, what the devil is that? to be ſure it is a ghoſt, or ſome ſpirit.

JOHN, Huſh Ralph! I think it is the Cock-Lane ghoſt, or the devil dreſt in women's clothes.

ROG. Hiccup——no, no,——hiccup, it is Roger.

RALPH, Roger!——ſome drunken old baggage, I believe.

JOHN, More likely ſome diſguiſed ſpy that's hurtful to the ſtate.——Come ſirrah, we'll put you into the round-houſe to ſober. [*They ſeize him,*

ROG. Hiccup——round enough I believe, for all

all turns round with me.——Well, to be ſure, you are very good to lead me home in this manner.

RALPH, Ay, come along, we'll take you to your lodgings. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE 8th, *the Juſtice's houſe.*

*Enter the Watchmen with Roger.*

*Watch knock at the door.——Enter ſervant.*

RALPH, Is your maſter at home?

SERV. Yes.——

RALPH, Deſire him to ſtep hither. [*Exit ſervant.*

*Enter Juſtice.*

Sir, we have brought an unruly hobling thing here, like a monſter, we cannot tell whether it be a man or a woman; nor can we get any ſatisfactory account from him.

JUST. By his looks he appears to be an hermaphrodite.——Pray where did you find him?

RALPH, Sir, he either was, or pretended to be drunk, and was reeling about the ſtreets in the middle of the night: we judged he was ſome cheat, and ſo put him into the round-houſe, and have brought him hither that your worſhip may examine him, for we thought it was of conſequence our duty to take him up.

JUST. Bring him nearer. [*to Roger*] Pray what are you, and where do you come from?

ROG. God bleſs your majeſty, I was born in a little

the village, near the borders of Wales, and my name is Roger Careful.

Just. Roger Careful——well, but what brings you in this diſguiſe, and ſo late in the ſtreet laſt night?

Rog. Indeed moſt worſhipful good Sir, I cannot tell, but I am an innocent honeſt man, I aſſure you.

Just. Honeſt——thy looks rather ſhew thy honeſty to be roguiſh policy, by thy dreſs, it appears thou haſt had ſome baſe deſign.

Rog. I am indeed ſir, I am. [*Kneeling.*

Just. A wicked varlet, I will hear you no more. [*Writes*] here take this mittimus, and let him be put to hard labour in Bridewel, 'till next quarter ſeſſions.

Rog. Pray maſter, good maſter, dear maſter——

Just. I can't mitigate——begone. [*Exeunt omnes*

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## ACT 2d. SCENE 1ſt.

*Philander and Flora ſitting in a bower.*

### SONG 7th.

PHILANDER.

*Ye bowers ſo pleaſing, ye flowers ſo gay,*
*Whoſe odours enliven the ſpring;*
*Yield noſegays to pleaſure my queen of the May,*
*For Flora, 'tis Flora, for Flora I ſing.*

*How happy am I, now my Flora is by,*
*Dear Flora for ever prove true;*
*Then I'll ſound forth my joy, thro' th' etherial ſky,*
*An eccho, an eccho, my flame ſhall renew.*

If

*If you ſay the word no, Oh! how pale ſhall I grow,*
*As a corſe in a coffin appear;*
*But ſay the word yes, and your true lover's bleſs,*
*That I, that I, may no longer diſpair.*

*Let people of faſhion, quite over the nation,*
*Be jocund, be jolly and free.*
*I'll vow to be true, nor Kate, Doll, nor Sue,*
*Shall ever, ſhall ever, be rivals to thee.*

How I long to be made happy for ever: but no object on earth, (tho' the faireſt of objects) can heighten her charms, ſo as to caſt one reflection o'er the mirrour of my eyes.——'Tis you, my dear Flora, are the only object of my love; and 'tis you only, who can give me pleaſure, or increaſe my pain.

FLORA, Men entertain ſo high an eſteem for diſſemblation, and the enchantreſs prevails ſo much over the whole ſex, that ſhe puts them almoſt out of every womans power, to make a complete conqueſt of the man ſhe loves; ſo that they may live and be what they ſhould be, a virtuous, honeſt couple, from every nobleman's ſeat, down to the peaſant's cottage, diſſemblation, tho' a ghaſtly ſpectre, takes her abode, and ſome young men taking ſo freely of her ſpells, endeavour to bring ſome fair charmer or other (or perhaps all that lie in their way) to the loweſt ebb of miſery, which is ſure in time to bring the greateſt ruin on themſelves.

PHIL.

PHIL. My dear, don't tell me of diſſemblation, for I bid defiance to the fiend, and all her accomplices. ——What extacy! what joy! will ſpring up in every motion of my nerves, if you will conſent to make me happy, ſo that we may join hand and heart together: But alaſs! how oft have I heard of inconſtancy, retiring with the fair ſex, to entice them to love every new object they ſee. Oh! baniſh the ſpright my dear, Flora, from your cottage, grant me but love for love, and then I aſk no more.

FLORA, Tell me not of inconſtancy, Philander, I know nothing of her, nor has ſhe ever once that I know of, come near the entry of my door, ſhould you be ſincere in what you now ſay, I would ſooner take a ſod and caſt at her; than once admit her into my apartment.

PHIL. Grant me but one token, and this ſhall be mine for ever. [*Embracing.*

FLORA. Well, now I hope you are ſatisfied.

PHIL. Dear Flora, my love is ſo united to thine, and center'd in this point, in my very heart, that nothing but death ſhall part us.——But let us retire to our flocks, and crown our Joy, with thoughts of future pleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE 2d. *the Mill.*

*Enter Miller and* Sue *ſpinning.*

MILL. Sue, I muſt go out this evening, for we are to have a town's-meeting, and I am to be made the conſtable of the pariſh.

SUE

SUE. Don't ſtay late out at night, for I am ſo fearful of ſpirits ſince I ſaw old Maudlin Bouncer's ghoſt, that I think I have had a trembling on me ever ſince.

MILL. I muſt own ſpirits are a little terrifying, but I ſhall not ſtay late. [*Exit Miller.*

SUE *ſola.*

Bleſs me, what in the name of wonder ails me! I am not as I us'd to be; certainly Roger is dead, and that was his ghoſt I met, which I took to be old Maudlin Bouncer.——Egad, I have a good mind to think of him no more, for I think I could like——like——nay nobody is by,——I could like Thyrſis as well as him. [*Sings and ſpins.*

S O N G 8th.

*Ungrateful man was Roger ſure,*
*To leave me quite behind;*
*To turn my ſpinning wheel about,*
*With one continual round.*

[Hop goes whiſtling by the mill.

*Come Thyrſis come, thy humble ſuit,*
*I will no more deny;*
*Roger no more ſhall rack my thought,*
*I'll ſigh no more, not I.*

Egad, but this puts me in mind of another pretty ſong, which was in the laſt new ballad I bought, I'll run to read it. [*Exit running.*

*Enter Hop, ſolus.*

HOP, Whenever my lady is abroad, I am continu-

ally trudging about to get intelligence of ſome free hearted wench or other, to lie with my lord.——It's ſurpriſing to me, that one woman, ſo good a woman too, as my lady is, cannot ſerve his turn.——Indeed I muſt confeſs, one would be too much for me.——old Merry the miller I find is gone abroad, and his daughter is ſpinning in the mill; I make no doubt but when he hears it, he will have a ſlap at her, for I have heard him ſay, he has had an hankering inclination towards her, for ſome time paſt, ſo I'll begone. [*Exit.*

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SCENE 3d, *Lord Modely's houſe.*

Ld. MODELY *ſolus.*

When a man has a natural inclination towards women, he has no government over his paſſions, but is led blindfolded by ſenſuality, thro' every mazy path of pleaſure, to feaſt a while: but after ſinks into a boggy quagmire of corruption. How oft have I thus calmly reflected on the ruin of man, when tumbling down myſelf the mountain of deſtruction? how oft have I inwardly reſolved to amend my paſt ill conduct of life; when at the ſight of ſome fair charmer or other I'm ſuddenly ſeiz'd with rapture, and put in flames which burn more furious than ever. I love women; but then, how falſe is that love! only for moments of pleaſure——I have the beſt of wives, and tho' I have baſely wrong'd her, have as yet kept her in the

the dark, and ſhe not being conſcious of my guilt, believes I am one of the beſt of huſbands; but alaſs! I cannot refrain from the ſex I love, but like a child am ſtill more delighted with new play-things.

*Enter Hop.*

HOP. My lord, old Merry the miller, is gone to a town's-meeting, and perhaps will not come home 'till late in the evening, his daughter is ſpinning alone in the mill, and ſinging like a nightingale; and if I have any judgement in women, a pretty ſmirking ſort of a wench it is.

Ld. MODE. Now am I againſt my will driven on to feaſt on forbidden pleaſure.——You ſay Hop, the girl is alone, and the miller abroad.

HOP. Yes my lord.

Ld. MODE. Then I muſt away.——Is ſhe handſome Hop?

HOP. I think ſo, my mouth run water when I paſt by her.

Ld. MODE. I muſt be gone, Hop, do you follow after, in caſe any miſhap ſhould follow.

[*Exit Lord Modely.*

HOP *ſolus.*

I thought how it would be; tho' my lord will ſometimes preach a ſermon an hour long of the frailty of women, and reſolve never to be taken in by them any more, yet whenever a female preſents herſelf in his view, he is involuntarily drawn into the ſnare. How

many wenches, and pretty wenches too, have been made victims by him: But I muſt not ſtand prating here, for as long as my lord pays me ſo well, I'll take care to pleaſe him as well as I can. [*Exit.*

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SCENE 4th. *the Mill.*

SUE *ſola, ſpinning.*

SUE. I could wiſh Thyrſis was here; methinks when he comes again, I will not appear ſo ſtrange as I us'd to do, for I do love him, ay, that I do.——

*Enter Lord Modely, diſguis'd.*

Bleſs me, what fine fellow is that? it is not Roger ſure, is it? Ods dickens no! but he comes towards me, I muſt get up. [*Riſes.*

Ld. MODE. Sit ſtill child, I am come to make you the happieſt woman upon earth,——I'll make you a lady.

SUE. A lady! what can this mean? [*Ld. Modely offers to embrace her*] Don't touch me, I don't love ſo much familiarity with ſtrangers, ſo get about your buſineſs.

Ld. MODE. I am a gentleman of honour, and as a token of my gratitude, here is a purſe of guineas for you, [*ſhe refuſes taking them.*] Do take them child, and yield to my embraces, and I'll give you as many more.

SUE. Rot your money,——now I find what you'd be at.——No, no; I prize my virtue more than all the

the guineas in the world, ſo touch me if you dare, I'll run to my father this moment.

Ld. MODE. [*ſtops her*] Don't be ſo haſty child, behold fortune is hovering over you in a golden ſhower. I love you, and love hath no bounds. [*Preſſing her.*

SUE. I am not to be loved in this manner——either looſe me, or I'll ſhriek out this minute.

Ld. MODE. And won't you comply?

SUE. No I won't, if you were the king.

Ld. MODE. So then, I have no other way but——

[*Forces her, ſhe ſhrieks.*

SUE. Oh! Oh!——murder, murder!——looſe me.——Oh! murder, murder!——

*Enter Thyrſis.*

THYRS. Why villain, are you going to ruin the girl, and force her againſt her will? Your very actions are a diſhonour to our ſex; nor ſhall you go unpuniſhed. [*Beats him.*

Ld. MODE. Forgive me, and I will make ample ſatisfaction.

SUE. Oh! Thyrſis, Thyrſis; all my future happineſs is dependant on you, for you have ſav'd me from the villain's clutches, who ſought to ruin me.

*Enter Miller drunk, ſinging, with a conſtable's ſtaff.*

MILL. What hurly burly's here?——Why Sue, Sue.——

SUE. Oh! father, father. [*Crying.*

THYRS. I am glad you are come, ſee here's a villain

villain, who has attempted to raviſh your daughter.

Mill. Raviſh my wench! ſtand further, I'll daſh the rogue's brains out. [*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Thyrs. Hold, ſtop your hand, as you are conſtable, we'll take him before a magiſtrate.

Mill. I can't forbear him, I'll ſhake him to rags, and have him hang'd afterwards. [*Shakes him.*

*Enter Hop.*

Hop, What, murder my lord! brave work indeed.

Mill. Why you limping ſon of a whore, where do you come from? do you interfere? I'll throttle you ſirrah.——Oh! my poor wench, my poor wench. Come Thyrſis, let's put them both into the houſe of correction 'till to morrow, and then take them before a Juſtice of peace.——Oh! my wench, my wench; I'll have them both hang'd, ſo come along.—— [*Pulls them.*

Ld. Mode. Pray mitigate your paſſion, your daughter has received no wrong; and to let you know how much I repent of my folly, I ſhall tell you my true name, which is lord Modely, you know I am your neighbour; ſo if you keep this affair a ſecret, and come to my houſe to morrow morning, I'll ſettle an annuity on your daughter for life, for her virtue is ſafe, and the man that reſcu'd her I admire, and will be grateful too.

Mill. A fine lord indeed; but I promiſe you friend, if we let you go now, we'll be with you betimes in

in the morning——but ſtop, firſt tell me plainly Sue, are you ſafe?

SUE. I am father, I am, thanks to Thyrſis for it.

MILL. Well then, get out of my houſe. [*Exeunt lord Modely & Hop*] So Thyrſis, ſtay with us to ſupper, when you ſhall tell me the whole of this matter, and we'll lay our heads together to make the beſt on't. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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SCENE 5th, *Lord Modely's houſe.*

Ld. MODE. Methinks I would not for the world my Wife ſhould hear of this unlucky affair, I muſt order matters with the miller as well as I can.

HOP. Indeed I thought we ſhould both have been kill'd, the miller did ſo throttle me, that I have had a rattling in my wind-pipe ever ſince, I can ſcarce ſpeak.

*Enter Billy Tweezer with a letter.*

BILL. There is an old woman at the door, has brought this letter for your lordſhip.

Ld. MOD. Give her a can of beer, and let her ſtay for an anſwer.

BILL. Yes my lord. [*Exit Tweezer.*

Ld. MOD. Let's ſee, [*reads*] "My Lord, I have "ſcarce ſpirits to write this woeful epiſtle to your lord-"ſhip, but force compels me to let you know, that I "am ſix months gone with child; the affair is got "already to lady Modely's ear, ſhe will expect me to

" to father the child; but as I have no other father " in the world but you, am in the utmoſt diſtreſs, " nor do I know what to do with myſelf. My lord,

" *I am affectionately, yours to command,*

" SARAH LOVEWELL. "

I find no man can play with Venus without being always in danger.——As my wife hath got hold of this affair, I have no other way Hop, but to make you the father of the child, ſo I muſt immediately order the girl to father the child on you, and ſhall ſettle an annuity for the ſame.

Hop. My lord, I don't know what to do about ſtanding father to ſo many children; to be ſure if my lady ſhould ever find it out, ſhe'll think me a very wicked man: beſides, as I begin to grow old, people will judge of my incapacity.——Nay for that matter I was always a fumbler at the beſt, I don't believe I could ever get a child, and yet I am father to nine and twenty of yours.

Ld. Mod. Then this will make up thirty Hop, I will go and order this affair immediately.——But hold, here comes the Miller.

*Enter Miller, Thyrſis and Sue.*

Mill. Well friend, we are all come to ſee what you intend to do in this affair, for I have had a very reſtleſs night on't, I aſſure you.

Ld. Mod. Honeſt miller, you are welcome, what I did laſt night, was to prove your daughter's chaſtity.

Mill.

MILL. Chaſtity! if it had not been for this young fellow here, you'd have prov'd it with a vengeance.

Ld. MODE. As no harm is done, you may reſt ſatisfied: but as I admire virtue, wherever it is to be found, ſhall ſettle an annuity on your daughter (and this young man) of one hundred guineas per annum, here is a joint leaſe of the ſame for their lives, and as a mark of my friendſhip, I will ſo order it, that you ſhall have the mill rent free as long as you live.

MILL. I thank you my lord, for your generoſity, but further I deſire you will give me in hand-writing, a promiſe never to offer to raviſh my wench any more.

Ld. MODE. That you ſhall have, ſo let the affair be kept ſecret.

MILL. It ſhall——and now young man, [*to Thyrſis*] ſince matters are as they are, I freely give you my daughter to wed and to bed, if you think proper. ——Sue, are you willing?

SUE. No man in the world I deſire to make happy but him.

THYRS. Then come my dear, let Hymen crown the day with pleaſure. [*Takes hold of Sue.*

Ld. MODE. I muſt away——Hop make them welcome with the beſt my houſe affords.——

[*Exit Ld. Modely.*

HOP. I will, and am glad this wenching work is over.——Come gentlemen, we'll have a tankard of of negus, and a bowl of punch ready in a minute, I'll

call Billy Tweezer——holo, Billy. [*Enter Tweezer.*] Bring a full tankard of negus, and a bowl of punch hither in a minute.

BILLY. It ſhall be got ready in a moment. [*Exit.*

HOP. Come no time like the preſent,——[*Enter Tweezer with the liquor*] let's drink about, and turn the day to mirth and jollity, and ſing a merry catch to paſs the fleeting hours away. [*They all drink.*

SONG 10th.

*Come Bacchus crown the day with mirth,*
*Leave off all ſober thinking;*
*We'll be the happieſt ſouls on earth,*
*And crown ourſelves by drinking.*
*Hand round the tankard, hand it round,*
*And let the bowl be chinking;*
*Let nothing elſe but ſongs reſound,*
*When we are bleſt by drinking.*

*Come drink it up, and fill again,*
*All ſorrows now are ſinking;*
*And pleaſure brings a merry ſtrain,*
*When jovially we're drinking.*
*Bacchus to thee, we'll chorus ſing,*
*Whoſe eyes are always twinking;*
*We'll ſound the bowl and every thing,*
*That gives us aid in drinking.*

[*Exeunt, reeling and ſinging chorus.*

SCENE

## SCENE 6th, *the Mill.*

*Miller ſolus.*

Well now the wedding is over, and things begin to be ſettled.——I can make myſelf as merry in my mill as ever a miller in England.

### SONG 11th.

*I ſing not of hero's who venture their lives,*
*Nor huſbands, who always are banging their wives;*
*Nor ſcolds, who are ſcolding from morning to night:*
*But when my mill's grinding, it's all my delight.*
Derry down, down, *&c.*

*Enter Humphrey, with a warrant.*

HUMP. I am order'd to deliver this warrant ſafe into your own hands.——You are to take a man for getting a baſtard child.

MILL. Zoons Humphrey, but you muſt be aſſiſting.

HUMP. Ods fleſh——I don't care to go, not I.

MILL. But I command you in the king's name to be aſſiſting.——But hold, let's read the warrant. [*reads*] "You are to take Hopper-Hop-Hopper." I can read but poorly, but I find it is old Careful's ſervant, ſo come along Humphrey. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE 7th, *Careful's houſe.*

*Enter Careful and Clodhopper.*

CAREF. I wonder Clodhopper, what is become of Roger; 'tis ſtrange I can get no intelligence of him. ——Poor lad, I wiſh all be well with him.

CLODH. I wiſh he had ſtaid at home meaſter.

*Enter Miller and Humphrey.*

MILL. [*to Clodhopper*] You are the king's priſoner, I have a warrant here for you; you have gotten a wench with child, and muſt make her an honeſt woman, by matrimony, or give ſecurity for the baſtard.——Hold him faſt Humphrey.

CLODH. O lud!——meaſter, meaſter,——I never had to do with any woman in my life.

MILL. Let's have none of your lies raſcal, it is ſuch rogues as you who encumber the pariſh with ſo many baſtards to maintain.

CLODH. Wauns mon! I don't know a mon from a womon, but by their dreſs, ſo let me go about my buſineſs. [*Pulling.*

MILL. Zoons Humphrey, let's bind the rogue.

HUMPH. Ay, ay,——come, we'll make you faſt, I warrant you. [*Binds him.*

CLODH. O lud, lud, lud,——[*to Careful*] good maſter Careful, ſave me.——O lud, O lud.——

CAREF. I ſhall not encourage you in your whore-

ing

ing tricks, not I.——I have nothing to do with you, but pay you your wages, and diſcharge you.

CLODH. O mon, mon, I never whor'd in my life, ——Oh, Oh!——

CAREF. Nay, I have obſerv'd him run like a frighted thing, at the ſight of a hobgoblin, had a woman but ſhak'd her petticoats at him.

CLODH. O for God's ſake, unbind me, for I never touch'd the hem of a petticoat in all my life.

MILL. Come, come Humphrey, there's no dallying with him, let's take him along. [*Pulls him.*

CLODH. I wonnat go, no that I wonnat, without I am carried; and you are a ſorry old fellow, to haul me in this manner.

MILL. What, do you diſturb the peace ſirrah? do you parly with the conſtable. [*Takes him off.*

CLODH. Oh lud, lud!——Oh lud, lud!——Oh, Oh!—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENE 8th, *Bridewell.*

*Roger ſolus beating hemp.*

What a wretched plight am I in? here do I labour all day, with ſcarce food enough to keep me alive: but perhaps death will ſoon put an end to my miſery, for I expect every day, that they will take me to be hang'd, and for no crime at all that I know of.—— This makes me ſomewhat the eaſier, for I ſhall die a martyr,

martyr, and they ſay, all martyrs go to heaven. I could wiſh my nunkle Simon did but know of my misfortunes; he might perhaps comfort me in diſtreſs.

*Enter Goaler.*

GOAL. As no body appears againſt you this Seſſions, I am order'd to turn you out.

ROG. I always told you, I was an innocent unfortunate man: but I am reſolved tho' I beg my way home, to make the beſt of my way thither; for I have had ſorrows enough in London: but when I have turn'd my back on it, I will never ſee it more.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE 9th, *Careful's houſe.*

*Roger knocking at the door,*

*Enter Careful frightened.*

CAREF. Zoons! who the devil are you? I have nothing for you. I ſhould think it a ſin to releive ſuch a banging beggar as you.——The houſe of correction is the fitteſt place for you.

ROG. Will you give me nothing? don't you know me?

CAREF. No not I;——I tell you, I will give you nothing.

ROG. But you ſhall give me ſomething, before I leave you.

CAREF.

CAREF. What do you intend to rob me? either go from my houſe this inſtant, or I'll ſend for old Merry the conſtable to ſeize you.

ROG. And are you ſo hard hearted to diſown your ſon, your poor ſon Roger?

CARE. [*amaz'd, pulls of his clothes*] Roger, Roger! let's put on my ſpectacles; is this my lad? [*puts them on*] ay, that it is. But prithee what brings thee in this woeful plight?

ROG. My miſeries will not give me utterance.

[*Crying.*

CAREF. Nay then, I fear thou haſt committed ſome murder.——Haſt'e kill'd any body?

ROG. No, no, father, I am almoſt kill'd myſelf; I have loſt all.

CAREF. Let's ſearch thee, where art'e wounded? what is the bag of money gone? Thou haſt made a fine journey on't to loſe all, and come home ſtark naked.

ROG. Was you to know all the misfortunes that have befallen me, it would melt you to compaſſion, tho' your heart was as hard as ſtone.

CAREF. Well, come, I muſt take you in follow me, and let's get ſome clothes on your back. I ſent you up to London to make your fortune, and thou art ruin'd by it.——I wiſh thou hadſt ſtay'd and had the miller's daughter, but now ſhe is married,

and

and a fine dowry ſettled on her.——Come follow me. [*Exit Careful.*

Rog. So it ſeems, I have loſt my love after all! ——Oh Sue, Sue! I thought thou wouldſt have been conſtant to thy promiſe; and not have forſaken thy true lover: but when a man is once plunged into the lake of miſery, he's conſtantly ſinking lower and lower in it.

Thus am I borne upon misfortune's wing,
What trouble will this woeful frolic bring;
This wretched journey I have undergone,
Muſt be a warning ſure to every one.
I have loſt all, there's no man can loſe more,
And yet I find my mis'ries are not o'er;
For ſorrow ſtill will more increaſe my ſmart,
Since Suſans's gone, who now has got my heart.

[*Exit.*

---

SCENE 10th, *Flora's cottage.*

*Enter Philander and Flora, ſinging a Paſtoral.*

Philander.

Dear Flora, how happy was I,
When over the meadows we went;
Your preſence created new joy,
Each moment was happily ſpent.

You

You promis'd you wou'd be my bride,
Old Hymen ſhou'd faſten the nooſe;
But how you're about being ty'd,
To Collin, and do me refuſe.

FLORA.

Philander, you firſt broke thoſe vows,
So oft you proteſted to keep;
When ſitting beneath the hay-mows,
And when you attended your ſheep.
There's Celia, Daphne and Prue,
Such various ſweethearts you find;
Which prove that Philander's untrue,
Your words as inconſtant as wind.

PHILANDER.

Dear Flora, I needs muſt confeſs,
I've toyed with Fanny and Ruth;
My vows were not broke ne'ertheleſs;
'Twas only the folly of youth.
So don't a true lover diſtain,
Nor unto young Collin comply;
Or I muſt for ever complain,
For you my dear Flora I die.

FLORA.

Young men, they will flatter and ſwear,
Until the fair charmer they've won;
And by ruſhing into a ſnare,
There's many a poor maiden undone.

As to Collin, I cannot deny,
But ſometimes at our cottage he'll call,
Yet oft I have told the young boy,
I'll marry with none of you all.

PHILANDER.

My dear, don't ſuch cruelty ſhew,
To Hymen let's inſtantly hye;
My happineſs centers in you,
Oh do not! Oh do not deny!

FLORA.

Don't teaze me Philander I pray,
Nor aſk me ſuch queſtions no more;
The paſſion of love will decay,
Should poverty darken the Door.
Behold if you'd take a review,
Halt over the neighbouring plain,
Both ſexes you'll find not a few,
'Gainſt Hymen will rage and complain.

PHILANDER.

Why Flora, there's ſomething of truth,
In what you are pleas'd to expreſs;
But contentment gives pleaſure to youth,
And centers in true happineſs.
There's Thomas and Peggy you know,
Who live at the brow of the hill,
Tho' low in their ſtation they ſhew,
Content hovers over their cell.
Induſtry is all their ſupport,
But yet they are cheerful and gay;

Peers

Peers and Peereſſes ſhining at court,
Cannot be more happy than they.
Each day Thomas labours and ſings,
His ſhuttle flies merrily on;
And Peggy her ſpinning-wheel brings,
To join in the Chorus begun.
Their children around them will play,
Or prattling together will rove;
The joy of their parents are they,
And e'ery thing centers in love.
Then don't my dear Flora deſpiſe,
Old Hymen's connubial ſtate;
A cottage will better ſuffice,
Than pent in the walls of the great.

FLORA.

Both Thomas and Peggy, 'tis true,
From envy's baſe ſchemes live ſecure,
But yet they have ſomething to do,
To baniſh the wolf from the door.
Contentment I know is the thing,
I always ſhould long to obtain;
The Goddeſs much pleaſure doth bring,
Yet few people hold up her train.
But ſince my Philander proves true,
The yoke I more eaſy can bear;
Our promiſes then let's renew,
And unto old Hymen repair.

PHILANDER.

Let mirth my dear Flora abound,
That moment you gave your conſent;

My

My heart leapt with joy at the ſound,
That moment was happily ſpent.
To church my dear FLORA let's go!
Now Hymen thy office get done,
Thy bleſſing upon us beſtow,
Unite us together as one.

HYMEN's *grand* CHORUS.

*Be happy for ever fond pair,*
*Don't pine at the toil of the day;*
*For Ceres doth to me declare,*
*You ſhall reap the pleaſures of May.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*F I N I S.*

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